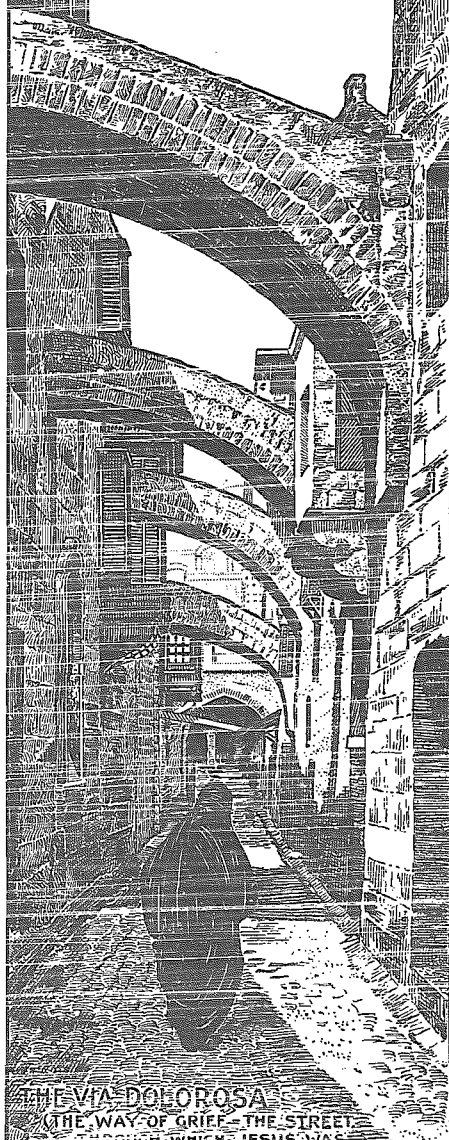
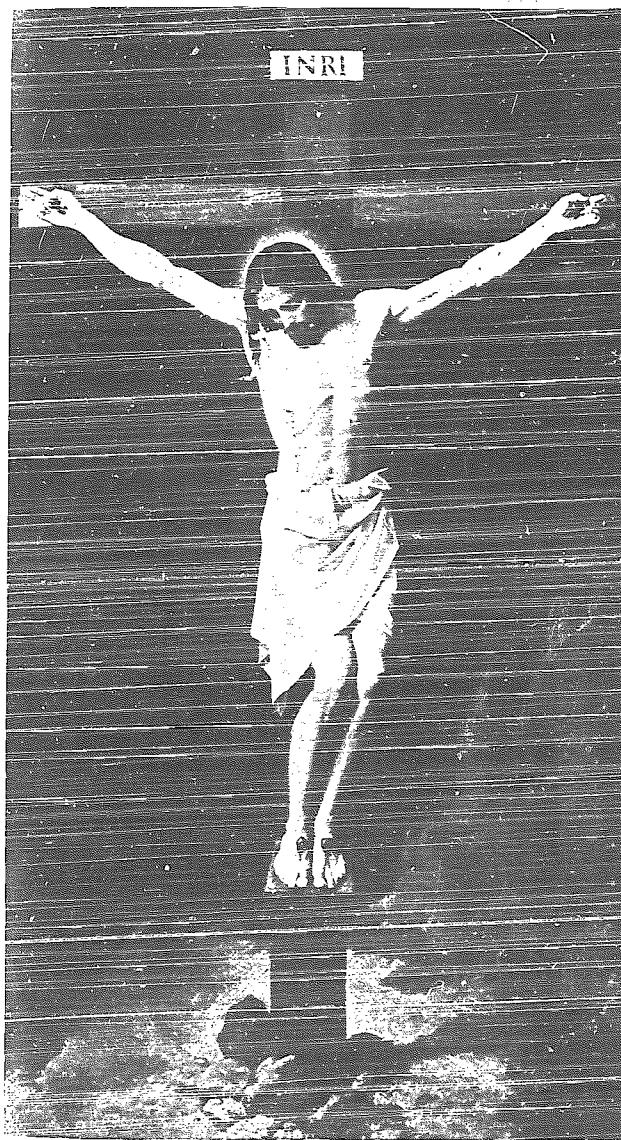


# The WAR CRY



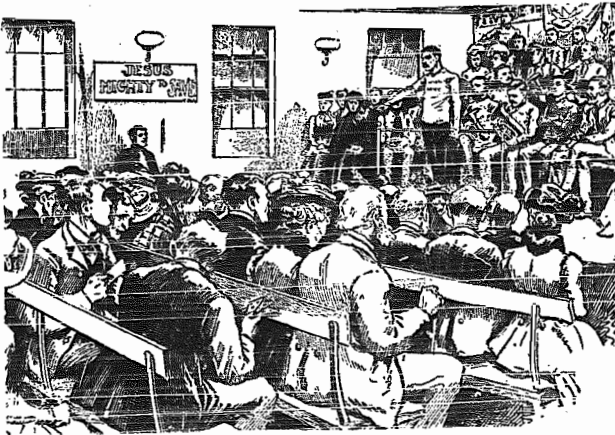
THE VIA DOLOROSA  
(THE WAY OF GRIEF - THE STREET  
THROUGH WHICH JESUS WAS  
LED TO BE CRUCIFIED.)

EASTER NUMBER 1907



# CAN THESE THINGS BE TRUE?

THESE ARE TWO MOST  
EXTRAORDINARY STORIES  
OF FREEDOM FROM DRINK.  
READ THEM.



He Had Never Before Seen to an Army Meeting.



EW vices take a greater hold on the fleshly appetites of mankind than the intemperate use of alcoholic drinks. To satisfy his cravings there is no crime too great, no act too mean, and no deed too degrading for the unhappy drink victim to practise. It may also be said that no drink is so nauseous but that he will drain it to the bitter dregs if it but excites his jaded brain. Some medical men place this condition on a physical plane—they may be right. Some others attribute it to a disturbance of man's moral nature—they, too, may be right; but from whichever side of man's make-up this lamentable condition springs, there is no doubt that that which, in a moment, frees man's physical or moral nature from such a horrible craving must be miraculous in character. We hold the following narratives, especially contributed to our Easter Cry, to be modern miracles, and should be read and meditated upon by all. They are as wonderful as those happenings that filled the streets of old Jewry nineteen hundred years ago with wondering crowds, and should convince the most doubting that Christ, by whom these things are done, is the Son of God.

## FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS A DRUNKARD. But the Desire for Drink Vanished in a Moment.

The following story was sent in by Capt. Bertha Brace, of Carlton, N.B., and is adjudged to be the best in "The Greatest Trophy of Grace I have ever met in Canada" competition. Two dollars have been sent to the writer. The photograph of the subject of this story appears elsewhere.

A little over a year ago, Dec. 27th, 1905, Horatio Dowdall, an old grey-headed man, a drunkard for fifty-eight years, staggered into the Army hall at Carleton, N.B., and was soundly converted. Since then he has never tasted liquor or tobacco, to which he had been a slave all his life. At seventy years of age, with a sinful, wasted life behind him, he threw himself at Jesus' feet, and He who died for sinners did not turn away this old man.

As a child he was sent to Baptist Sunday School, but in spite of early teaching, soon learned to do wrong, for when only eight years old he began to use tobacco, and at twelve was taught by an uncle, who sold rum, to drink that which afterward was the curse of his life.

In 1866 he fought in the Fenian Raid, and his pay as a soldier, \$1.10 per day, went: principally for rum and tobacco.

Married life brought no change, although his wife tried her best to break him off his evil habits. He became a terrible blasphemer, and at the slightest annoyance would break forth into curses and oaths.

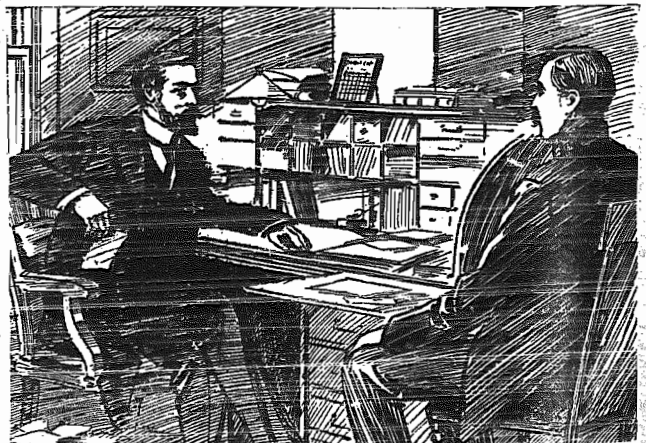
He has spent as many as three weeks at a time lying about in rum shops, with filthy companions, stupefied by the poisonous drink. On one occasion \$60 had been spent by him for liquor in that time.

When his money had been spent he asked for a few drinks on credit, but was refused. At last, becoming desperate for a drink, he pawned his few belongings that he might satisfy his cravings for liquor. An overcoat went for 75 cts. and a watch for \$3.00, until at last he became so ragged that he was a disgrace to his relatives.

Unseen to the eyes of the public, the Father in

heaven looked down upon a mother, who for years had continually prayed for her son—now a wretch indeed; and He who always hears the prayer of faith, heard and answered the yearning desire of that mother's heart.

One night while passing the Army hall the old man, in his miserable condition, and half intoxicated, saw the bright light, and though he had never before been to an Army meeting, he ventured in. God directed his mind to himself, and he saw



Next Day I Visited This Comrade in His Office.

how his feet were almost slipping over the precipice and thought, "I must do something to save myself or I will surely go to hell." So he arose and went to the purely form, where he cried for pardon. It was granted, and he rose a sober, saved man.

Since then he has never touched nor had a desire for tobacco or intoxicating liquor.

It is a marvel to himself—he cannot understand how it was done, but can only say with the blind man, "One thing I know, whereas once I was blind now I see."

The reader may now see him every night carrying the Army flag at the head of the march, stepping along so smart as many a man twenty years younger. He is comfortably clothed, works every day, and no one is more respected in Carleton than Brother Horatio Dowdall.

\* \* \*

This is another good story:—

## A DRUNKEN AGNOSTIC'S CONVERSION What Resulted from an Open-Air Meeting in Canada.

Some time ago I stood in the City Square of the historic old town of Lincoln, Eng. The grand old cathedral crowned the adjacent height, and the battlemented keeps of the old castle frowned down upon the city.

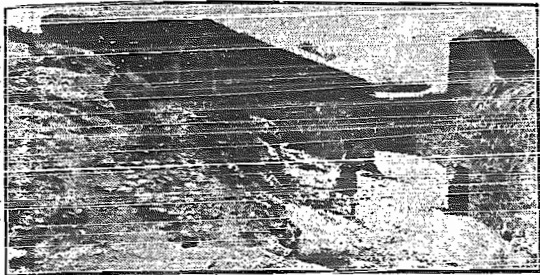
In the Square stood the Salvation Army, a large ring of uniformed Salvationists, and a fine brass band of about forty pieces. The band had just concluded a selection, and a mighty crowd had gathered around, for it was on a Sunday evening in glorious summer.

Then a man in the uniform of a Salvationist stepped into the ring. He was about thirty-five, of gentlemanly appearance and good address. I was informed that he was one of the largest wholesale merchants in the city, and that he was the Treasurer of the local corps. He was about to ask for the customary offering, but before appealing for funds told a remarkable story, the substance of which, as near as I can recollect, was as follows:—

"Many of the friends standing around know me, for I was born and brought up in this city. Some of you know the house in which I was born, and are familiar with my story; but perhaps some are not, so for their benefit let me tell what drink did

(Concluded on page 4.)

# HOLY WEEK IN THE HOLY CITY



The Rock of the Apostles—Scene of the Betrayal by Judas.



OWHERE in the realms of Christendom is Eastertide celebrated with a greater wealth of symbolism than at Jerusalem. Some facts, therefore, concerning the manner in which the glorious death and passion of the world's Saviour are commemorated in the locality where these events that redeemed a world actually took place may be interesting to our readers.

In Palestine and the adjacent countries there are many native Christian tribes amongst whom the age of faith, or superstition, still prevails. For them nothing is traditional. They believe that their feet press the identical sepulchre of Christ, and their knees fall upon the very stone which held His form, while their prayers are breathed upon the earth that supported the cross on which their Redeemer hung. So from the mountain and desert fastnesses of Asia Minor, from Italy, Spain, and Egypt, and even from far-away Siberia, come devoted pilgrims to worship at this season when we celebrate the fulfilment of Christ's mission on earth.

## The General on Mt. Olivet.

Commissioner Nicol, when describing the General's visit to Jerusalem, makes very interesting reference to the pilgrims whom the General saw on Mount Olivet, which shows how wide-spread is the desire to see the Holy City, and also how much greater is the faith of some in the seen than the unseen—in the symbol rather than the spirit.

Referring to a number of persons who were kneeling and bowing in prayer outside the Church of the Ascension—the Russians have erected quite a number of churches and colleges on the very brow of Mount Olivet—the Commissioner says:—

"These worshippers are pilgrims. The General is attracted to them, and mingles amongst them. Belonging to the Russian peasant class, they have travelled on foot hundreds of miles, crossed the sea, endured great privations, and are now wandering from one place to another in the hope that thereby they may become holier, and make sure of Paradise."

"Their faces represent many types of the people that go to make up the Russian Empire, from the bronzed Mongolian to the fair-skinned Russ of the Arctic Zone. Sincere? Their faces are bedewed with tears! Devoted? For hours they will linger around the shrines, listen to the chants of their priests, count their rosaries, kiss the ground, and return to miserable rest places at night, and feast on bread and salt."

"The General was touched by their appearance, and asked a number of questions concerning their wanderings to and fro. In fact, he lingered near them, as if he would like to know the meaning of their anguish, and how far they realized any answer to their cries and groans. It was a pathetic sight."

It will also be remembered that this is Passover Week, and the Jews of Palestine continue to go to Jerusalem to celebrate this feast just the same as they did on that occasion when the Lamb of God

was offered up for the sins of the whole world.

## Next to Mecca.

In addition to these Christian and Hebrew celebrations Jerusalem is also considered by the Moslems to be the second holiest city in the world;

and wall is a recess, made by two slabs of marble, the very receptacle, it is said, in which the body was laid. And here all the week long the people are kissing these things and praying and creeping around the sepulchre on their knees.

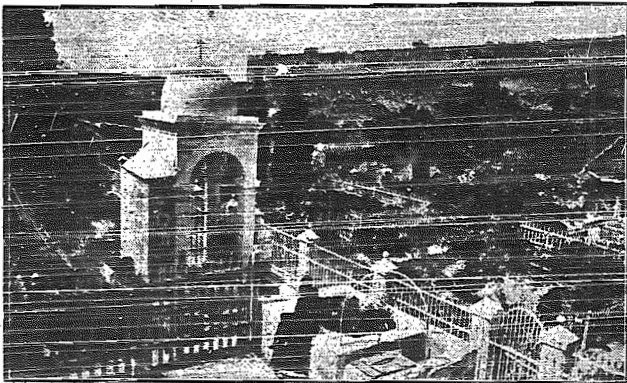
## Sacred Spots.

All the week the pilgrims are busy seeking out the holy spots of the city. They toil up the Via Dolorosa to Calvary, stopping to pray and tell their beads at each of the seven stations. They search out the Garden of Gethsemane, with its grey old olive trees; They find the house of Pontius Pilate and the hall reputed to be the prison into which the Roman Governor thrust the Saviour, and all the time there is a ceaseless play of local life and local color through the streets.

To study the faces and customs of the street merchants, male and female; to observe the different types as yet untouched by the railroad or the public school, just as they have existed always in the heart of the East, is enough to absorb the interest without the ceremonials which are taking place every day.

## Washing of Feet.

One of these is the washing of feet, in imitation of the act of Jesus at the Last Supper. The vast rotunda of the Church of the



The Garden of Gethsemane—Commissioner Nicol says it is Laid Out Like the Well-Kept Garden of a London Suburban Villa.

so seeing that a pilgrimage to the Mosque of Omar comes next to one to Mecca, and also that there are prospects of financial gains amongst the throngs, many Mohammedans gather in Jerusalem at Eastertide. It will thus be seen that the Holy City is during the Holy Week the rallying place of Christian, Mohammedan, and Hebrew.

Jerusalem, with its forty thousand population, is built on three hundred acres of ground. Walking its streets one can often touch the walls on either side. Into this narrow space are crowded pilgrims from twenty different nations, come to drop a tear upon the tomb of Christ.

The Church of the Sepulchre was built by Emperor Constantine seventeen hundred years ago. The people believe that this vast edifice of yellow stone covers the very spot on Calvary where the Saviour died. Entering the great square vestibule one sees a slab of rose-colored marble resting on supports. It is said to be the stone on which the body of Jesus was laid to be prepared for burial. Around it the pilgrims kneel and weep and pray all day.

## In the Sepulchre.

There is an Armenian peasant in his sheep-skin coat and beside him a well-garbed man from Italy. There is a Syrian woman with her child and beside her a Russian pilgrim from the borders of Siberia. Some lay their rosaries on the stone that the beads may be blessed. Some burn cakes of incense upon it. Some bring veils of linen and measure and cut pieces the size of the stone, which they rub over the sacred surface. These are to be their winding sheets, that they may rest softly in their last beds.

In the centre of the great rotunda is the sepulchre itself, a marble structure, thirty feet high. In its



The Mount of Olives—It was Probably at This Spot Where Jesus Went Over Jerusalem.

Holy Sepulchre is crowded for the ceremonial. The Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, always a stately and imposing figure, set off by his splendid vestments, removes one by one his silken robes, crusted thick with gems and gold thread. He takes off the magnificent jewelled mitre, the great chain of gold wound round his neck, the great cross of dazzling diamonds, six inches long. At last he stands forth in a simple white robe, in imitation of the poverty of Jesus.

He pours water from a gold pitcher into a gold basin, and goes from one to another of the twelve priests who represent the disciples, and who have been busily getting off their shoes meanwhile. He washes a foot of each, drying it with a towel, and then kissing it. The last of all represents Peter, and as Peter did, he objects to the Master's degradation in washing his feet. He refuses to allow the rite, stands up, and gesticulates violently. The Patriarch brings the Testament and shows him the passage describing the original ceremony, and finally Peter submits amid the applause of the audience.

But the greatest ceremony of all is the descent of





the sacred fire from heaven. The Roman Church has discarded this ceremony, but the Greek branch still adheres to it, and so it is said, the Christian tribes of Asia actually believing that the fire descends straight from heaven by a miracle, to light the torch of the patriarch.

#### The Paschal Light.

The "heavenly fire" comes down each year exactly at two o'clock p.m. on the Saturday before Easter. The night before hundreds sleep on the floor of the great rotunda to secure good places for the ceremony. As the hour approaches on Saturday the rotunda is packed to the doors; the streets without are packed to the gates of the city. The marble sepulchre in the centre is dark and silent. The patriarch is inside alone. As the clock strikes two a light shines from the sepulchre and a shout thunders from the waiting throng.

Those nearest the sepulchre pass their candles in at openings and receive them again lighted. They give the light to those next, and in the incredibly short space of seven minutes all Jerusalem has the fire. From there it spreads all over Asia Minor, running from village to village, and even along the shore of the Mediterranean and into the countries of Europe.

This is the Paschal Light, and is regarded as a symbol of Christ risen from the dead.

We have nothing to say against the use of symbols as such, but not in anything is the natural tendency of man to turn to base uses that which is good seen to a greater extent than it is in the use of the symbols which typify the life and death of our blessed Lord; for it is to be feared that many of those who take part in the celebrations we have been describing think more of the creature than they do of the Christ, and thus lose the spirit in the symbol.

## CAN THESE THINGS BE TRUE?

(Continued from page 2.)

for me, and what was brought about by a Salvation Army open-air meeting, such as we are having here this evening.

"I was only about eighteen when I had become so addicted to drink that my friends were ashamed of me, and my father, after giving me a sum of money, shipped me off to America and told me that he never wanted to see me again.

"I went to the States, and then crossed over into Canada, where, being away from home, and without any restraining influence, I simply lived for drink. I became a bum, would only work for whisky. I stole rides on railways or tramped from place to place—sometimes being half dead through my dissipated mode of life.

#### Hit the Salvation Army.

"As may be understood, in my roamings I made the acquaintance of several fellows of the same stamp as myself—drunkards, gamblers, and tramps.

"One evening I hit a town, as they say out there, and as I wandered down the street I came across a Salvation Army open-air meeting.

"I hadn't had much use for the Salvation Army at that time, but I heard a voice that I thought I recognized. I looked towards the crowd of Salvationists, and to my great surprise I saw a man there to whom I had a strong aversion on account of his meanness. He was one of the meanest men I ever met, but there he was in the ring giving his testimony, and I remember was repeating a chorus we now very often sing in the Army, 'Oh, yes, there's Salvation for you,' and looking at me he pointed his finger in my direction, and said, 'Oh, yes, there's Salvation for you.'

I said to him, 'Look here, I don't want any of your Salvation, but I'm dying for a drink. Give me a drink, for God's sake.' I was shaking and feeling downright ill.

"He saw my condition, and took me away to his house, but on the way he paid for a drink of whisky for me, and also went into a butcher's shop and bought some lean beef steak, which he took home and cut into small pieces and put on the fire to stew—to make beef tea. He then said that the beef tea was for me, but that while it was getting ready he would like me to go around to the indoor meeting.

"I went with him, longing for another drink. We entered the Army hall, where the meeting was in full swing. My mate went on to the platform. I couldn't help but think to myself what a good change had come over this one-time mean man.

"As the meeting proceeded another man got up and gave his testimony. I recognized him also. He had been around bunning with me; but he told how he was converted and happy, and how he had horses and cars and was doing fine. Then to my surprise a third old partner got up and testified in a similar strain. I began to think there must be something in this religion after all—for at that time I was a rank agnostic.

#### Prayer Answered.

"When the prayer meeting commenced these three fellows came to me and tried to persuade me to follow their example. I said, 'Look here, boys, I don't know whether there's a God, a hell, or heaven or a devil; but I know that you are doing better than I am, and are better men than I am, and I know that I am dying for a drink. Now, I am going to kneel down and pray to your God—if there be a God—to take away from me this craving for drink. You pray for me also, and if God answers our prayers I'll believe there is a God, and will serve Him!'

"We knelt down, and would you believe it, friends? the desire for drink was taken away from me at that time, and I haven't had the least desire for drink since, and that was fourteen years ago. There is a God!'

A great volley greeted these remarks, and the collection was duly asked for and liberally responded to.

Next day I visited this comrade in his office, when he told me in detail his extraordinary experience and deliverance from the drink, and how he had returned to his native land a changed man, welcomed by his friends, and now one of the most prosperous business men in the city.

Truly a remarkable tribute to the power of prayer and a great encouragement to open-air workers.

#### FIGHTING BOTH MEN AND DEVILS.

One of the strangest prayer meetings I was ever in was at a little town near Owen Sound, Ont., some twenty years ago.

The hall was packed full, and a very powerful influence rested on the people. A number of the rough element were present, just ready for any disturbance. Many sinners in the audience were deeply convicted as the meeting went on, and when the invitation was given they began to go out to the penitential form, crying to God to have mercy on them.

This stirred up the roughs, and they began to raise a row. The friends of those who were at the mercy seat got highly incensed at this, and started to put the offenders out, with the result that a series of hand-to-hand fights went on all over the barracks, while the soldiers were kneeling around the penitents and praying and singing with them.

In spite of all the racket, many souls got saved, and God was glorified.—E. B. Beale, Medicine Hat.

## The Shaking of Skagway.

By Adjutant Fred Bloss.

I had been sent to Dawson City, Alaska, with Adj. McGill, and after spending a year there we received orders from Headquarters, Toronto, to open up Skagway.

The Salvation Army was very popular in Dawson, but at Skagway things were different. It was a very wicked place, and neither the lives or many of men or women were safe.

We went, however, and with faith in God rented a store just opposite a saloon and gambling hall, paying forty dollars a month for it. We soon had it fitted up as a barracks, and as it was right in the heart of the town, it suited our purposes well.

I shall always remember our first march. I carried the drum and the Adjutant played his cornet. We felt very much the hardness of the light, and were much grieved at the terrible sin around us. In addition, therefore, to systematically visiting almost every cabin (there were no houses), we spent much time upon our knees crying to God for the people.

During one of our open-air outside a notorious palace of sin, I remember praying that "God might shake Skagway," little thinking in what way it would be shaken.

Next Monday morning the daily papers came out with big headlines as follows:—

"The Salvation Army's prayers answered. Skagway shaken. Earthquakes for breakfast; earthquakes for dinner; earthquakes for tea."

This report was literally true. During our kneel on Sunday a very unpleasant sensation came over us. As we were praying the floor started to heave up and down, and it seemed as if we were on board ship. If I remember rightly, we had seven distinct shocks that Sunday, many of them of long duration.

#### The Earthquakes.

Whilst conducting the testimony meeting in the afternoon the building started to sway and the hanging lamps swung from one side to the other. A deathly pallor blanched the faces of all present and we all seemed like dumb people.

We then went upstairs to our quarters, and while having tea the earth reeled again like a drunken man. We rushed outside and saw telegraph poles swaying, and the lamps on the electric light poles swinging to and fro. It lasted so long this time that we stood and saw the wash tub in the back yard (which was full of rainwater) rock and spill over, just as though it was being carried on a rickety wagon. Women ran out of their houses and clung to their husbands, many praying to God to have mercy on them.

God really did awaken that place and awaken a few from the sleeping. The people afterwards looked upon us with a sort of reverential fear, and I remember that in going round with my War Cry the next week an old Catholic lady got quite angry with me, and said, "You people ought to know better; the idea of you praying for such a terrible disaster to come upon us poor people." She evidently believed that it was an answer to my prayer on that memorable night outside the saloon.

Such is the story of the shaking of Skagway. Reader, have you received that Kingdom which cannot be moved? For God says in His Word, "Let once more, I shake not the earth only, but also heaven, and this word yet once more signifies the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain." Wherefore, we receive a Kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear."



# A Page of Prize Paragraphs.

The paragraphs on this page are those adjudged to be the best received in response to our competition for paragraphs dealing with the aspects of Salvation warfare suggested in the headings, and a two-dollar bill has accordingly been sent to each of the contributors whose names appear on this page. Read these stories. They are really good.

## WHAT LED TO MY CONVERSION.

### A Remarkable Coincidence.

In 1900 I was a wild and reckless young fellow, and left home to go and fight in the Boer War. On leaving Southampton, I was given a Bible by a lady, who accompanied her gift with these words: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

The words stuck to me. The Bible was put away on board ship, and while on active service I had very little chance of seeing much of my Bible. But while lying on the ground at night, with the white moon shining down upon me, or in the heat of battle, the words often came with surprising force.

On the 31st of January, 1901, a dear Christian comrade was mortally wounded. He called me to him, and amidst the ringing of the flying bullets, and the shrieking of the shells as they hurled through the air, he said to me with a sinking voice and the pangs of death spreading over his face: "Jack, Jack, why don't you get converted; it is beautiful to die in Christ!" and then he, too, repeated the words, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Again did God speak to my heart, but I was rebellious, and hardened my heart to such an extent that I was nicknamed "Jack the Devil."

Some time afterwards my troop was moved to Bloemfontein, where, on the 1st of February, 1903, I shelled into the Salvation Army hall, and went home deeply convicted of my need of Salvation. On February 6th I again went to the Army, and, to my surprise, the officer—Ensign Adendorp—spoke from the words: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

That night I gave God my heart, and as I write am rejoicing in the God of my Salvation.—J. C. Humphrey, Lisgar St., Toronto.

## THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY OPEN-AIR INCIDENT I HAVE KNOWN.

### God Arrested the Elephant.

The most remarkable open-air incident that I remember is one that took place at Gravenhurst. I had come over from Collingwood on a circus day, and being a soldier, I naturally went with the Gravenhurst corps to the open-air meeting, which was held near the show grounds. The Salvation Army was by far the greater attraction, and drew the crowd away from the circus. This made the show folks wild, and they sent a man with an elephant to break up our meeting.

The elephant came up so close to me, as I was kneeling on the ground in prayer, that his feet touched the bottom of my shoes and his trunk hung over the drum. The beast refused to go any further, although the man poked him and stuck him with a short, sharp spear until the blood dropped down on the ground and ran down the elephant's hind legs; the beast would not hurt or molest us in any way.

It is true that when I felt the great animal walk up to me from behind, I felt a great fear for a moment, but I remembered Daniel in the lion's den and put my trust in the Lord, and He delivered me, for I now believe, and always shall do, that it was owing to God's protecting care of us that the elephant refused to do as his driver wanted him. This incident has been a great help to my faith during the years that have passed. I have been fighting now for five-and-twenty years under the flag.—J. G. C. N., Port Arthur, Ont.

## THE FUNNIEST TESTIMONY I EVER HEARD.

### A Soldier and a Squirrel.

I was a bandsman at the time, and the corps with which I was connected had united with another corps for a big open-air demonstration in the Market Place of the city. The meeting was in full swing, when a comrade stepped into the ring and delivered himself of a testimony in such such style as this:

"Yer all knows me. I was once a big drunkard and used to beat my wife so badly that they nicknamed me 'The Banger.' Thank God, it's all changed now. What did it? Why, the blood of Jesus. An' I tell yer arrie that it don't matter if yer belongs to the Church of England; the Wesleyans, the Methodists, the Roman Catholics, the Salvation Army, or hany other abomination, unless yer gets the blood —" The rest of the testimony was lost in the roars of laughter that rose from the crowd, in which officers and soldiers heartily joined.

But note the sequel. The loud laughter caused two unfortunate girls who were passing to stop and draw near to the ring. They listened to other testimonies. A lassie spoke to them with love in her heart and tears in her voice. They were moved to repentance, and knelt at the drumhead, when Christ said to them as to the woman of old, "Go in peace and sin no more!"

They are saved and virtuous women to-day.—Bro. Chas. W. McGee, Moose Jaw, Sask.

## WHAT A SALVATION SONG DID.

### He Burnt His Bible.

While stationed at Valley City, N.D., I experienced a striking example of the arresting power of a good Salvation song. In the open-air meeting on the Saturday night a young man passing by us was caught by the words of the song—

"Just tell my dear old mother  
That my wandering days are o'er."

He was out from the Old Country, and being away from all maternal restraint or other good influences, went down the broad road at a rapid rate, and went to no place of worship whatever.

But the words of the song haunted him and he came to the indoor meeting, where his conviction of sin was increased.

He went home, but not to sleep. His conscience was troubled, and he came to the seven o'clock knee-drill, where he gave God his heart and became a saved young man. He then told me a little of his past life. He has a sister who is a missionary, and his mother is a good Christian, who, when he left home, gave him a Bible and asked him to read it regularly. On coming to this country he got into bad company and became wild and reckless. But the Bible in his trunk was a continual reminder of his mother's wishes and his duty to God, so to get rid of his silent monitor he burnt it. But the burning of his Bible did not destroy conscience, and the words of the song he listened to in the open-air brought all the hallowed memories back again.

He hadn't written home for a considerable time, but the first thing he did after his conversion was to write home to his mother and tell her what God had done for him through a song sung by the Salvation Army.—Ensign Campbell, Campbellton, N.B.

## THE MOST REMARKABLE EASTER EVENT I HAVE EVER KNOWN.

### An Easter Revival.

Two officers were once sent to carry on the work of the Army in a small Canadian town. For some reason or other, the Army was much disliked there, and at their welcome meeting only three children were present.

They prayed a great deal about this state of things, and asked God to revive His work.

They visited every home in town, and prayed with all the people they could, and as the people would not come to the barracks, they gathered them together wherever they could, and held small meetings in cottages, or whatever other places they could secure.

One day they came across an old man digging in his garden, and found that he was an earnest Christian. He proposed that a prayer meeting should be held in his little shanty one evening, and said he would invite all his friends and neighbors to come.

On a certain night, therefore, the officers went down, and found the little place packed with people. Only thirty-six could squeeze in, and in order

to play his guitar the Lieutenant had to hold it high above the heads of the crowd.

The Holy Ghost came down on them that night, and a glorious revival started right on the spot. It was in the spring of the year, and Easter blessings were poured out from on high.

Instead of the people keeping far away from the barracks, after that it was difficult to find room for the crowds who wanted to get in, and to the joy of the officers' hearts they often witnessed as many as twenty people lying prostrate at a time and crying mightily for the Baptism of Fire.

It was truly a resurrection and a time of joy and life for the little town. May this Easter witness many such sights.—Adj. McElheney.

## THE 'GREATEST TRIAL OF FAITH I HAVE KNOWN.

### A Prolonged Prayer Meeting.

While a convert in a Saskatchewan corps I witnessed and took part in the greatest trial of faith in connection with the Salvation War that I have ever known.

One Sunday morning a few of us young converts met our lassie officers and proposed that we should pray, believe, and work hard to win three souls for Christ that day.

Everything went on well in the meetings, and our faith rose high. But at nine o'clock at night, when the prayer meeting had been on for some considerable time, there was not the least sign of a conversion. Our hopes were not quite so high, but we were led on by a Captain who would not acknowledge defeat, and so the hands of our watches crept round to ten, and eleven, and finally, the hour of midnight was reached, but as yet prayer had not been answered. We still hung on, for there were yet some unconverted ones left in the hall, and were determined not to quit while anyone remained to be saved.

At 12.20 the break came. A man fell from his seat to his knees on the floor and began to pray for mercy. This encouraged us, and we fought on more desperately than ever. Twenty minutes later another yielded himself to God and came to the mercy seat. The only unsaved one remaining then took his hat and fled from the hall.

We went home feeling fully saved and happy, and believing that we should yet hear of the third one, and sure enough, three nights afterwards a young man came to the meeting and testified to the fact that after leaving the meeting on Sunday night he went to his home and cried to God for Salvation, and had obtained it.

The Captain said it was the greatest trial of faith she had ever known.—W. M. F., Captain.

## HE UNDERWENT A CHANGE.

This is Not a Prize Paragraph, But is Very Interesting.

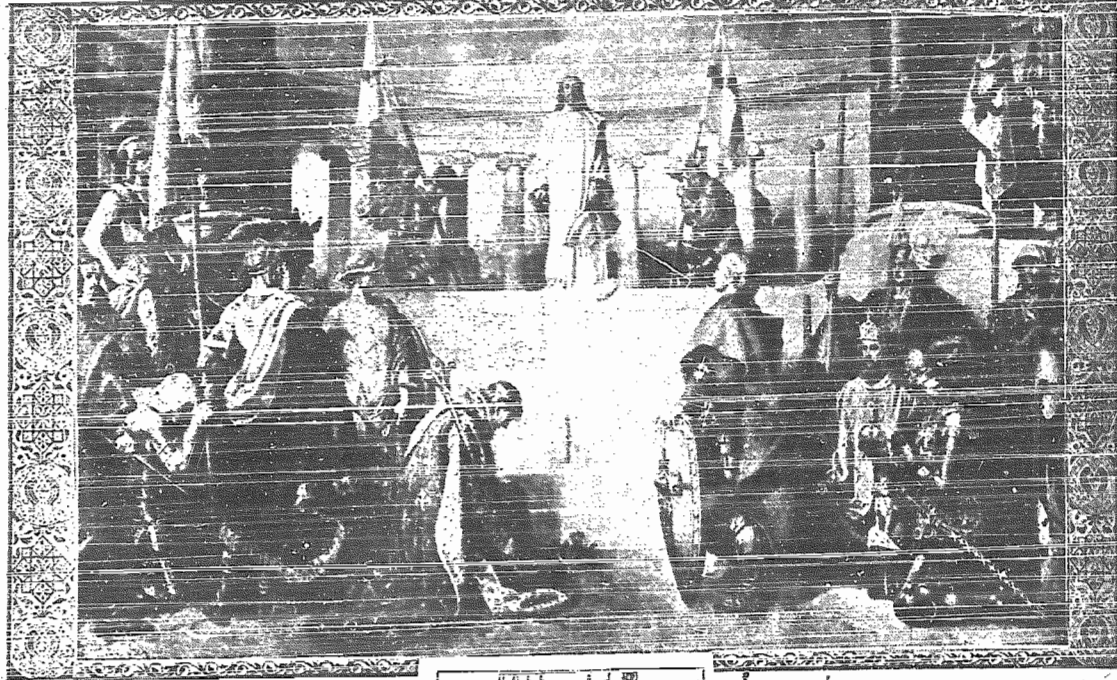
The most curious conversion that I remember, says Capt. Duncan, of Montreal Provincial Headquarters, happened in this way: The sweetheart of a young man got converted in the Salvation Army, and attended open-air meetings, much to the disgust of her prospective husband, who at that time was anything but religious. One day, in fact, he had primed himself with drink, and went to the open-air meeting with the avowed intention of marching into the ring and carrying her off bodily if she attempted to speak. The poor girl stood in trepidation, wondering what would happen.

But just then another young fellow strode up to the ring and made insulting remarks to the soldiers. This diverted the ire of the angry lover to the insult, and hot words passed between them, the irate lover turning completely round and defending the Salvationists.

The officer then asked the young woman to go around and take up the collection. She hesitated, but her lover, noting her diffidence, shouted to her to come around. She obeyed orders and waited upon her sweetheart, who promptly threw a dollar bill into the tambourine.

He did more. He went to the Salvation Army hall, got converted; and is a good soldier to-day.

# The Greatest Hero of All.



BY BRIGADIER SOUTHALL.



**G**RATER than them all—Surely  
Even greater than the combined  
triumphs of the renowned heroes  
represented in the splendid picture  
reproduced herewith. The striking  
canvas of Mr. Byam Shaw has not  
overdrawn the truth—for the good reason that it  
could not be—as the most wonderful of all facts  
is asserted in the eternal victories of the Greatest  
Hero of all.

The artist represents Christ as the central figure  
of the picture. The great heroes of the centuries  
bow before Him in acknowledgment of His pre-  
eminence. Akbar heard the Gospel from Portuguese  
missionaries, and learned to love justice. The story  
of the great Christian statesman and warrior—  
Chinese Gordon—is well known, and he acknowl-  
edged in his daily life the source of his greatness.  
Near him is Joan Nicholson, hero of the Indian  
Mutiny, whose memory is still hallowed by the  
Sikhs. Jean of Arc, the saviour of her country,  
kneels before the Greater Hero. Louis IX., crusader  
and saint, who led two expeditions to the Holy  
Land. Near Sir Galahad (type of the spotless  
knight, whose strength was as the strength of ten  
because his heart was pure) is the great Charle-  
magne, consolidator of order and Christian culture  
in Western Europe. Frederick Barbarossa, whose  
name, because of his great exploits, is interwoven  
with mystic legends. The mythical hero of Greece,  
Perseus; Alexander, the world-conqueror; the Jap-  
anese Samurai Yoshida Tenshiro; Sigfried, the  
great Scandinavian warrior, and the great Black  
Prince of Britain appear among those who do  
homage to the Greatest Hero of all.

The great exploits of some of these notable  
personalities have aroused the wonder and admiration  
of the world. Put together, they are tremendously  
powerful and far-reaching indeed. Yet the com-  
bined achievements of all the world's heroes were  
not sufficient to conquer man's greatest and invul-  
nerable foe—

## Sin and Death.

The conqueror must be stronger than the van-  
quished; hence one stronger than either of these  
foes must undertake to destroy them if God's plan  
of redemption was to be carried to a triumphal  
finish. O' all the heroes on the world's pages, whom  
could we select for the purpose? Would we say



Alexander—he who, having conquered the world,  
went because there were not other spheres to be  
subjugated to his authority? Alas! sin, in an  
instant, overcame him, and gloated in  
claiming Alexander, in the hey day of his glory,  
as its victim.

Because there was no other that could accom-  
plish the great purpose God's love had decreed,  
Jesus, Who, alone was able, volunteered to under-  
take the task, and the announcement was made  
accordingly. Nothing less than the absolute con-  
quest of sin could make possible the restoration  
of God's image in man, and for this purpose

## The Great Champion

of the race threw down the gauntlet to the twin  
monster enemies of mankind.

Having presented His credentials, through His  
life and miracles, and also prepared His followers  
for the final stroke of the great conflict, the Con-  
queror entered the arena and grappled with the  
foes. He had come to destroy. That He was suc-  
cessful, and gloriously so, is abundantly evidenced,  
and millions on earth and in heaven testify with  
the Apostle, "He was manifested in the flesh, to  
destroy the works of the devil." And another  
sounded a clarion note of triumph which has  
echoed down the ages, "O death, where is thy  
sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Man's  
greatest Champion has destroyed man's greatest  
foes.

The Conquering Hero chose as His vantage  
ground the height of Golgotha, and from the cross  
sin was to be hurled from its proud, dominating  
position to the depths of darkness for ever. No  
contending armies ever met on blood-stained battle-  
field, with issues so momentous as were involved  
in this stupendous struggle. Principalities and powers  
of darkness, unseen by man; and mightier than  
the combined forces of earth, arrayed themselves  
in brazen defiance against the Source of Light. Yet  
the Great Hero hesitates not, but is strengthened  
for the contest by the realization of the tremendous  
stakes at issue—the Salvation or destruction of a  
world.

How fearful must have been the conflict when  
heaven could not behold it, and drew a pall across  
the skies. "Now, from the sixth hour there was  
darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour."  
The physical sufferings of the great warrior were  
not the most harrowing, nor were they sufficient  
for the great accomplishment of man's Salvation.  
While the

## Impenetrable Gloom Enveloped the Scene,

and the rocks were rending, the fearful struggle was  
in progress. Sin, hideous, distorted, benighted  
and blasphemous, dared the approach of the Conqueror.  
More poignant than Roman spears or plaited thorns  
could ever be was the contact of infinite Purity  
with the hellish spawn that hatches into hatred  
and murder, and an endless chain of moral filth.  
The fearful struggle is on in deadly earnest! At  
last, discomfited, defeated, and broken, sin goes  
down to its sphere of eternal gloom.

Death, gloating in its cognomen of "King of  
Terrors," stands unmoved, and with ghastly effron-  
tery defies the Conqueror. Again a terrific encounter  
is in progress. Two worlds wait with intense  
anxiety, almost amounting to anguish, the result.  
The dispelling gloom and rushing light.

## Proclaims the Triumph

of light over darkness, of righteousness over sin,  
of life over death.

methinks the approach of another anniversary  
of the most important fact in all history cannot  
fail to arouse the admiration of all, whether mind  
or unaided. With reverent contemplation we en-  
deavor to review the marvelous scheme of man's  
Salvation, now carried to glorious completion, and  
in holy ecstasy we cry—

"All hail, glorious Conqueror! All hail, triumphant  
Christ! For Thou hast defeated the greatest  
enemies of mankind—greater than all other enemies  
combined—and therefore hast given to Thy name  
the glory of The Greatest Hero of all.

"With renewed consecration we surrender our  
all to Thee and Thy cause, and our hearts are  
in increasing adoration at this Easter season when  
we again sing—

"Up from the grave, He arose.

With a mighty triumph over His foes.

He arose a Victor from the dark domain.

And lives forever with His saints to reign.

Hallelujah! Christ arose!"

# Monographs.

## THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

Not very long ago an eminent K.O. declared in the Mansion House of the City of London that the Headquarters of the Salvation Army provided one of the best business trainings for young men to be found in the world's metropolis. A forcible testimony to the capacity of the Salvation Army for the development of its young men.

Brigadier John C. Horn, the Financial Secretary of the Canadian Wing.



Brigadier Horn.

of the Salvation Army, may be taken as a typical product of the Army's ability to make good men of business, for although it is true he was educated with a view to accountancy, and had perhaps a unique business experience before coming into the Army—for five years he kept the books of a man who owned lumber camps, saw mills, grist mills, a tannery, harness and boot factory, farms, and tenement houses—yet he became an officer when but twenty-one, and he is the first to acknowledge his indebtedness to the Salvation Army for his comprehensive grip of business principles, his knowledge of property law, and the mysteries of finance, and his astuteness in matters of commerce.

For nine years he was Secretary for the Trading operations of the Salvation Army, which appointment he filled with conspicuous ability and success. His management of the Finance Department has been characterized by some practical innovations, although conducted along the main lines of Salvation Army accountancy in vogue the world over.

## THE SPEAKER.

There is forensic eloquence, pulpit eloquence, and the eloquence of the rhetorician—we apologize to our readers for this utterance—but Brigadier Taylor, the Principal of the Toronto Training College, is neither, yet possesses a blend of each, and has thereby a style of speaking eminently suited for the lecture hall and class room.



Brigadier Taylor.

An officer said in our hearing at the Fall Council: "I do like to hear Brigadier Taylor speak." "Yes," said another, making reference to the color of the Brigadier's hair, which is of that red-gold hue so beloved of artists. "He has ginger in his speech, as well as his hair." An apt simile, and very expressive.

There is no doubt that the Brigadier is a very acceptable platform man, and yet he lays no claim whatever to natural gifts in this direction. He is what he is by the blessing of God, the opportunities afforded him by the Salvation Army, and his own dogged industry. It was said of the great Athenian orator, Demosthenes, that his speeches smelt of the midnight oil, meaning that they had been laboriously prepared, and the Brigadier's addresses to the general public, and his lectures to the Cadets, show by the matter they contain, the symmetrical construction, and terse epigrammatic sentences that they have been thoughtfully and studiously prepared.

Young beginners in public speaking will do well to study his methods.

## THE PRAYER MEETING LEADER.

Many soul-winners are divided in opinion as to which is the more necessary, to instruct people in the things of God by appealing to their intelligence, or concluding that they already know enough and try to get them to realize the knowledge they possess. To one the sermon is the thing, to the other the prayer meeting is the all-in-all. Much may be said for each view, but Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire evidently holds to the prayer meeting, and goes in for instant and insistent submission with a vigor and pertinacity that is altogether admirable.



Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

The Colonel is essentially of the revivalist type, and possesses the necessary human qualifications in a very marked degree. Perhaps there is nothing that more quickly and deeply stirs the tender emotions of man than music and singing. Now, those who know Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, and there are not many Salvation Army men in this country who do not, will readily call to mind the Colonel's skillful use of congregational singing, also his own successful vocal efforts in bringing men and women up to the point of decision. The prayer meeting calls for considerable generalship and strategy, for there are always many who stand shivering on the brink and fear to launch away, and we hold to the opinion that any right thing which will induce such to take the plunge into the pool of Salvation and self-sacrifice is highly meritorious and pleasing to God; our comrade is a prayer meeting strategist.

His special gifts in this direction, as many of our readers may remember, led to his being appointed to special revivalistic work, when his labors were crowned with great success. His tactics in handling a prayer meeting are well worth earnest study by all who desire to win souls for Christ.



Adjutant Hays.

## THE FIELD OFFICER.

The position of the Field Officer, amongst all the appointments that the Salvation Army provides, comes easily first for interest and opportunities for doing direct spiritual work. Adj. M. E. Hays, of Vancouver, is a good type of the Field Officer, and a brief study of his career is instructive.

She was stationed in an Army meeting when about fifteen, at Paris, Ont., and when old enough for officership entered the Lippincott Training College. After a brief spell of Field work in Western Ontario, she was transferred to British Columbia, and has been in the Northwest and Pacific Provinces for fifteen years. Altogether our comrade has had twenty-seven corps, and has been appointed to Calgary and Vancouver twice, in each place meeting with better success the second time than the first.

She was appointed to her present command in June, 1906; since when nearly 300 souls have been won for God, and nearly 70 enrolled as soldiers of the Salvation Army. The congregations have increased to such an extent that for the past five months the City Hall has been taken for the Sunday night service. Property has been secured for a chapel.

The story of the Adjutant's success no doubt, lies in her sanctified sympathy with those who come within the sphere of her influence and her winsome womanliness. She does not use loanwords, nor let her voice above its natural compass; with the result that she has a clear, agreeable delivery, and her matter is both interesting and instructive.

## THE MUSICIAN.

One of the most interesting phases of the personal culture that follows the conversion of the soul in the ranks of the Salvation Army is the cultivation of the gift of music.



Major Morris.

There are twenty thousand bandmen in the Salvation Army, the vast majority of whom, it is safe to say, were neither musicians nor cared for music before they became Salvationists, and some extraordinary stories are told of the pains some ungifted comrades have been at to acquire command of their instruments for the glory of God and the Salvation of souls.

One of the most talented musicians in the Salvation Army in Canada is Major Morris, of the Territorial Headquarters, and Bandmaster of the Staff Band, a musical organization now in course of formation. This band, composed of members of the Headquarters Staff, promises to be one of exceptional ability, as the Bandmaster possesses great experience and natural capacity for all that belongs to the conductor's baton.

Major Morris, as is well known, is one of three brothers, each decidedly musical, but the subject is undoubtedly the most subtle, being equally at home with stringed or brass instruments; it is, however, as a cornetist he excels. But natural gifts do not carry one far without cultivation, and Major Morris is a fine example of what can be accomplished by working at oneself.

## THE PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

The command of a Province is one of the high appointments of a Territory, and the chiefest in the Field. The importance of such a command is shown by the fact that in Great Brit-



Brigadier Burditt.

ain some Provinces contain from 150 to 200 corps. In Canada, of course, the Provinces contain fewer centres of Salvation work, consequent on the smallness of the population.

It is evident that the officer entrusted with the oversight of a large number of corps and a wide Office must have many of the characteristics that mark the leaders of men. The Canadian Provincial Officers possess these attributes in a great degree, and perhaps one of the most promising, although the youngest, is Brigadier Burditt, of the Northwest Province.

The Brigadier is an officer of long and varied experience, having been commissioned in 1887. He has served in several capacities in India, both at Headquarters and in the Field.

In this country he has had command of several corps, and has served as Chancellor and Spiritual Special. He is thus familiar with the conditions of Canadian warfare.

The Brigadier is a very acceptable speaker and a capable administrator. He is buoyant and full of energy, and possesses the entire confidence of his comrades in the war. He is a loyal Salvationist, and we have no doubt will be heard of in the future.

Mrs. Burditt is a valuable helper to her husband. She was Sadie Turner, of Boyle fame, and has the honor of being the officer who holds the record for long service as a Canadian Officer.



# A FIGHT FOR A GIRL

BEING A STUDY OF METHODS IN SALVATION ARMY RESCUE WORK.

**I**t seemed as if the Devil had a special fancy for pretty little Louie. Not that no Christian influences had been shed around her childhood's days. They were not wanting; but alongside, and eventually crowding them out, came the wily snares of the evil one, who finally succeeded in despoiling innocence and flung back on the world a proud, defiant, high-spirited girl, barely out of her teens. Face the humbling truth at home? Never! Bear the scorn and reproaches of companions amongst whom Louie had been a spoiled favorite? Indeed she would not, and so she carried out the bold scheme of evading everybody by crossing the ocean "on her own." Years passed, and no trace of the runaway came to light; yet the candle of hope still flickered, one clue after another being taken up, only to be cast aside as futile after all.

## Sharks.

In the meantime Louie had found that once started on the downward track, there were many gilded traps ready to receive her. Into one of these she entered. Her youth and beauty were both marketable qualities, and being beyond the reach of kin and former acquaintances, Louie ceased to care. A life of ease and indolence, with every surrounding that money could purchase which tended to vanity, added to the comfortable assurance that "there was money in it," acted like opiates to Louie's conscience. Her proprietress was affable and indulgent, perhaps a little more so to Louie than to others with fewer personal allurements.

But God had a plan for Louie's life, with which she was not yet acquainted.

In the same city lived a godly Army officer, whose love for souls made her dare to go all lengths to save them. Hearing incidentally that friends in the Old Country were anxious to trace the erring girl, she ventured to penetrate where others dare not, in the hope of snatching this soul from the devouring flames.

Calling at the questionable mansion where pier glasses and fiery light bewildered to the uninitiated, Ensign — boldly asked for Louie. Having taken the precaution to leave her Army insignia at home, she was admitted. (How God had guided her in this respect she afterwards learned to the full, for prejudice would have effectively barred her entrance had she been in uniform.) The moment she was propitious. Louie was desperately ill, and the keeper was afraid of the consequences. It was somewhat of a relief to find she had friends interested in her at this critical juncture. Louie herself also was more approachable in weakness, and promised she would leave that life if her health were renewed. The Ensign returned again and again.

## Winning.

God was gracious to Louie, and although sorely sinned a sinning, granted her some respite; but, alas! when able to feel her feet her mood entirely changed and Louie scorned the idea of turning her back on so lucrative an existence. This was indeed disappointing, but the woman of faith was undaunted. Sooner or later she would win.

Business leading her one day into a busy departmental store in the city, the Ensign espied in the distance Louie's proprietress. She was just passing out of the swinging glass doors when she reached her to enquire tactfully—

"How is your little friend?"

"She is very ill. Won't you come and see her again?" Do come soon."

Thankful that the door was open to her, the next day the Ensign appeared, and found Louie very, very ill indeed. Arrangements were made to take her to the hospital, and as the Ensign was acquainted with the good Christian Matron at that institution, she determined to put in a personal word soliciting special care and oversight on the invalid's behalf. Very gladly, therefore, did she welcome the opportunity offered her of getting into the cab which was to convey Louie thither. A

serious operation was performed, and for some time Louie's life appeared to be in the balance.

It so happened that two boisterous Salvationists were visiting at the hospital, and stopped to say a kind word to the sick girl ere they passed. This highly offended her—she was far too proud to allow anyone to believe that she was a protegee of the Salvation sisters, and falsely imagining that the Ensign had sent them to her, she was hotly indignant and refused to speak to them. The next time the Ensign appeared she also met with a sullen reception. Not a word of response would she deign to any of her kind enquiries, and it looked as though Louie's rescue was more and more hopeless.

## The Impulse of Love.

Nothing else but Divine impulse can account for the way the Ensign received this unexpected, and certainly unmerited rebuff. She was not a woman of emotional character, nor at all demonstrative in her sympathies, practical and deep as they were. Dignified, yet gracious, the girls knew her as their friend, but could not trespass on familiarity. It was, therefore, with some surprise to her own heart that the Ensign found herself bending over the sullen girl and implanting a kiss upon her brow.

"You are cross now, little girl," she said tenderly with a smile, "but I will come again and see you nevertheless."

The action and the words did more to soften Louie's nature than yards of sermonizing.

For some time her life was in the balance. Most faithfully did the Ensign and an intimate friend visit her, sometimes meeting Louie's former proprietress, who, while she thought the girl was dying, was willing enough for the Army's ministrations, but as soon as it was evident that she might recover after all, doubled her attentions with a view to her own ends.

One day the Ensign had the cab in readiness, to take her home to nurse, but as she was going to start she fainted, and the hospital authorities were afraid to let her go. It was now a case of actual fight. Would the keeper or the Ensign win? Both were equally determined. The former's coaxing was incessant, and the soul-winner's anxiety increased accordingly.

## Just in Time.

As God willed it, she was in the nick of time. One day the proprietress was actually waiting at the hospital to take Louie back to a life of infamy and shame when the soul-winner again appeared. Immediately taking in the situation she sent for a hack, and succeeded in bringing the poor girl in safety to the Rescue Home.

To keep her there was now a matter of no small manoeuvring. She required constant attention—far more even than the Ensign could properly give—for this was a Rescue Home, not a hospital. By dint, however, of much forethought and arrangement, as well as considerable sacrifice, Louie had exceptional care lavished upon her. She was still often peevish and refractory.

One night when the Ensign was politicking her with almost a mother's tenderness, she looked up petulantly and exclaimed:

"Ensign, why are you so kind? Why don't you let me die? I do not deserve your kindness."

Slowly, but surely, the reflection of Christ's love through the Ensign was having its own effect upon her wilful nature.

Just at that time another inmate of the Home increased the Ensign's difficulties. She was a bad, desperate character, who had fallen, through intoxication, and broken her leg. The two spirits seemed to anger one another, and it required no small tact to strive equally for the Salvation of both and preserve a balance of good will. Neither could leave their beds, and yet the duties of the Home were too exacting to permit of an officer remaining always with them. Louie was by far the younger of the two, and her haughty air chafed her companion.

"You don't need to be so haughty. I know all about you," she said, tauntingly.

"Oh! so the Ensign has told you, has she?" retorted Louie, with bitterness.

No word could have stirred up more hotly indignant remonstrance!

"The Ensign told me? Do you think that our Ensign would talk to one girl about another? You little know her! Why, I can read on your face what you have been!"

This tumult of wounded feelings and wrath was not easy to quell. To keep both women they must of necessity be separated. But the Ensign's foot again came into requisition. Having happily arranged it, the reader may well imagine her joy when, after a considerable stay, during one of the little Home meetings, Louie's proud nature yielded to God, and she received the assurance of pardon and Salvation. Her conversion was very definite, and soon afterwards it was the officer's joy to despatch her to her relatives, to whom she had so long been lost.

Years passed, and the Ensign's friend, who had been largely instrumental in helping to reclaim Louie, visited that place. She found out that the girl had met with her first betrayer, had sought earnestly his conversion, to Christ, and that they were now happily married. Louie had for a long time rejected his proposal, saying, "I shall spoil his life, for I cannot have long to live." But his answer over-ruled her objections by its simple truth—"I owe it to you, and I wish to take care of you."

## A FIRE THEY COULDN'T QUENCH.

Some six or seven years ago, in the city of Detroit I had occasion to go down town to meet some of my companions. On the way I saw a large gathering of people in the principal square of the city. Making enquiries I learned that the police of the city, by command of the Police Commissioners, were trying to put a stop to the different religious and social organizations holding their meetings there.

On this particular square on a Saturday night could easily be counted seven if not eight different organizations with their own topics of discussion.

On the night in question there was a greater concourse of people than usual, for the street cars were stopped from running, and the people filled the streets. It seemed as if one half of the city was in that particular place. What was it?

Simply two Salvation Army officers, who were holding their usual open-air at the Soldiers' Monument, which stood near the middle of the square. They dared to do something for God. No other religious body could be seen on the square. They started to sing, and the immense crowd was listening, when up came some men with fire hose, which was attached to a hydrant near by, and turned two streams of water on them. They stood their ground. The crowd watched the proceedings a few minutes, when some men rushed out of the crowd on those that held the hose and made them take it away.

The officers, a Captain and Lieutenant, shortly afterwards went to their hall, for that ended the meeting that night, and the most of the crowd went home.

I thought that this was a most extraordinary open-air.—Lieut. Clark.

## SINGING SALVATION IN A HOTEL.

Whilst collecting for Harvest Festival in the hotels at Chesley, Sister Mrs. Withers was asked by some of the men in the bar to sing a song.

She complied with the request and sang, "I'm traveling home to heaven above," to the crowd.

Then she took up a collection, and everyone present gave her a piece of silver.

A nice little sum was thus secured towards her target.

# What Happened to Brown.

This is a striking story showing how a man fought sickness, but was overcome—  
How his wife found herself in difficulty—Also how the League of Mercy came to  
the relief, and brought happiness and help to a deserving couple in a very dark hour.



THE League of Mercy is a department of Salvation Army work which seeks to alleviate misery and sorrow wherever it may be found; but naturally its operations chiefly lie in those places where the ordinary work of the Salvation Army officer does not take him. Therefore, those Halls of Pain, the hospitals, and kindred institutions, are visited; and the inmates cheered by the League of Mercy workers, while those who are sick in their homes have also the solace that these sanctified Leaguers can bring.

But those who are sick often need material aid as well as spiritual consolation; for no one is immune from sickness—not even in the health-giving atmosphere of Canada—and as often as not when the bread-winner is laid low poverty creeps in. The account of a case given here shows the nature of the temporal relief afforded by the League of Mercy, and also how deserving people can get under the weather in more senses than one. We have rarely known of more grit shown in times of sickness and adversity than was manifested by these people, and predict great prosperity for them in the Dominion when they will have got on to their feet.

Both Mrs. Colonel Kyle, who is in charge of this work throughout the Territory; and Mrs. Lieut. Colonel Gaskin, who is in charge of the work in the City of Toronto, inform us that during the present rather severe winter a large number of cases have been similarly relieved.

Mrs. Brigadier Hargrave, of Montreal, the local League of Mercy Secretary, has supplied us with the following facts:—

A man in the prime of life, who had enjoyed very good health in the Old Country, came to Canada last year in the hope of improving his position, leaving his wife and one child in England. He stayed in Montreal, and perhaps the climate may have been responsible for it, but whatever the reason, he was obliged to give up several jobs on account of indifferent health. He had a struggle to begin with, and was quite unable to send home the money to enable his wife and child to join him. After some months of weary waiting, and becoming the prey of anxious fears, the wife wrote to tell him that she had borrowed the passage money for herself and child from her relatives, and was on her way to Canada.

Happily just then he had secured employment which promised a degree of permanency—if his health would only keep good.

He managed to secure a flat at eleven dollars a month—high rent for him, but the cheapest he could get—and as his wife was on her way to Montreal he had to take it in order to get a home for his dear ones.

The wife duly arrived, and they took up their abode in their home and were most happy in the reunion; but a few mornings afterward as he was dressing he fell fainting to the floor. His wife was alarmed, and endeavored to persuade him to go back to bed, but the fear of losing his work, with winter coming on, and his wife dependent on him, caused the man to brace himself up, and after three more faints he succeeded in dressing himself and starting off to his work.

But the wife was nervous and insisted on going with him to his place of business. It was well she did, for on the way he fainted once more. This time the wife took the case into her own hands, and engaging a rig drove her husband to the hospital, where, after diagnosing his case, the doctor said that he had typhoid fever in its worst form.

This was the situation when a Salvation Army soldier, who had recently come to this land, heard that an English woman who lived in a certain street was in trouble. She called upon the woman, whom we will call Mrs. Brown, and found her to be of superior education, who had evidently been well brought up, but who, instead of parading her poverty, did her best to conceal it. The sympathetic manner and kind words of the Salvationist, however, soon led to tears and an unbosoming of her troubles on the part of Mrs. Brown. She was in great trouble, and almost penniless. She had no coals, very little food, and her clothing was ill-prepared to keep out the cold that was then several degrees below zero.

The Salvationist went to Mrs. Hargrave and made her report. At once firing and food were sent with a warm winter rigout from head to foot for the little boy. Mrs. Hargrave herself made a thorough investigation of the case. There was no doubt whatever that this was a most deserving family. They, through no fault of their own, for they were highly respectable people, had fallen upon evil days. The bread-winner had been laid low and adversity had gripped that family in its fell talons.

Then a new fear fell upon Mrs. Brown. The month's rent of the flat had been paid in advance by the husband, but now there were only a few more days to run, and she was afraid she would be turned into the street, as she had no money to pay the rent. Mrs. Hargrave assured her, however, that such a thing would not be done in Montreal. But the night before the rent was due there came an emissary from the landlord saying that if the next month's rent was not forthcoming her furniture would be put out of doors.

Mrs. Brown communicated her trouble to the Salvationist, who in turn related it to the League of Mercy officer. Together they searched Montreal for a suitable home for the distressed wife, who at that time was delightedly engaged in scrubbing

for a dollar and a quarter a day, the work being obtained for her by the League of Mercy officer.

Then it occurred to the Salvationist sister that she had a large room for which she had no immediate use. This could be used by Mrs. Brown until she could get a home. "The very thing," said Mrs. Hargrave.

They sent for Mrs. Brown and told her of the proposal. It was so agreeable that she burst into tears of joy. But she absolutely refused to take the room on the terms that the Salvationist sister suggested—nothing a month. This the League of Mercy officer did not favor either, as the Salvation Army have no intention of pauperizing people, and it was agreed that Mrs. Brown should pay four dollars a month for the room.

"This I can afford to do now," she said, "as I am paid so well for my work at scrubbing."

She showed her hands to the League of Mercy officer. They were all blistered with unaccustomed hard work.

"You can't scrub with hands like that," said Mrs. Hargrave.

"Oh, yes, I can," replied Mrs. Brown; "I can't afford to let go work such as this."

She continues with her work, and thus supports herself and her child until the husband comes out of the hospital, let us hope, a robust and strong man.

In the meantime the League of Mercy officer has supplied a lounging robe for the sick man to wear when he can sit up, and a new suit of clothes, including overcoat and warm underclothing, and we understand has arranged with his late employer to keep open his job for him until he can return to it. The boy and the mother have also been attended to and lided over a dark hour that might have ended their lives in suffering and death but for the timely assistance rendered.

They are grateful, and hope some time to be able to do for others what the Army has done for them—and they will.

People with grit like theirs, with a willingness to tackle wholeheartedly anything which comes along, that will scrub in spite of blisters, and will put up such a fight for work against sickness as Brown did, are bound to get on in a country like Canada, for "Our Lady of the Snows" has a warm heart although at times she may wear a cold mantle.

This case is but a sample of the many deserving cases throughout the Dominion who have been borne down in the battle, but have been succored and helped by the sisters of the League of Mercy.

Surely such work is in harmony with the will of Him Who said, "A cup of cold water given in My name shall not lose its reward."

## THE PRAYING LEAGUE.

Prayer Topic: Pray for a continuation of blessing upon our dear General in his Western Campaign.  
Sunday, March 31.—Cloud and Fire.—Numbers ix. 15-36.

Monday, April 2.—Nazareth Vow.—Num. vi. 1-32.

Tuesday, April 3.—Discontented.—Num. xi. 4-20.

Wednesday, April 3.—Spiritual Power Excluded.—

Num. xi. 21-35.

Thursday, April 4.—Jealous of Moses.—Num. xii. 1-15.

Friday, April 5.—The Twelve Spies.—Num. xiii. 1-33.

Saturday, April 6.—Murmurers.—Num. xiv. 1-15.

### EASTER THOUGHTS.

Arranged by Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

All silent, and soft as sleep.

The snow fell, flake by flake.

Slumber, silent earth and dream of flowers

Till springtime bid you wake.

Again the deadened bough shall bend

With blossoms of sweetest breath.

O miracle of miracles,

This life that follows death!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

In New Sharon, Michigan, a child of great promise awoke and died. The little one, all beautiful, robe of grave, was laid in its coffin, and in its place was placed a bouquet of flowers—the central flower of which was an unopened bud of the "Rose of Sharon." On the morning of burial the coffin lid was removed for the surrounding weepers to take their farewell look at the peaceful dead; when, lo, that bud had become a full-grown rose while grasped in the dead child's hand. That beautiful flower seemed to say, "Weep not, for her life, which only budded on earth, has burst into full bloom in heaven."

O joyous morning! born of blackest night,  
As when at first "God said, Let there be light  
And there was light," so now, from darkness great  
Of Sadness' gloom, as to man's state  
When he was reached on life's tempestuous tide  
The western margin of the Great Divide.  
And make with Job the quest beyond his ken.  
"If a man die," say "shall he live again?"  
And lo, an answer comes to end the strife.  
—"I am the resurrection and the life."  
The glorious sunlight gilds an empty tomb.  
The risen Lord dispels the grave's dark gloom.  
And Nature joins with gladsome tongue to sing  
In jubilant hosannahs of the spring.

The same grand truth of victory over death.  
The ice-bound fields have felt the Spirit's breath,  
And, lo, the tombs are opened, and fair flowers,  
Whose seeds, long hid in dust akin to ours,  
Come forth from mystery, and gloom, and night,  
With perfumed lips rejoicing in the light,  
And offering incense from their hearts of gold,  
Rich as the gifts of the Wise Men of old.  
To the same King and Lord, who lived and died,  
Who to redeem the world was crucified,  
And now, "Alive for ever more," He stands  
And beckons us—with nail-prints in His hands—  
To rise with Him, above the death of sin,  
And thus, o'er death, the victory lo win.

—Ross Johnston.

During a prayer meeting at one of our corps in Ontario a touching sight was witnessed. A young man who had been deeply under conviction for some time made a sudden rush out to the penitent form. He was followed by his mother, and as they knelt together seeking God's pardon a young man stepped down off the platform and knelt there too, with an arm around each. He was the brother of the penitent, and was overjoyed to see both his mother and brother come to Christ. They all went home praising God.

# of My Life

BY THE GENERAL.

**I** WAS a careless lad, to begin with. No doubt about that. But Miss Farnaby had yearnings in the direction of doing good. My whole turn of mind was in favor of good works, and of helping people who were in trouble; and as, from my earliest days—which were spent in Nottingham—I was thrown into close association with poverty in its lowest depths, it may be imagined that my natural bent soon found its fulfillment. In those early days of my life—and I am now seventy-eight—Nottingham was full of misery. I was turned, fortunately for me, in the direction of suffering and wretchedness just at the right age, the age of romance and enthusiasm, and at fifteen—when I was converted—I was ready for anything, and made a way very quickly for myself amongst the poor, in spite of much opposition.

I had a great illness just at that time; my life was despaired of, but I rose from my bed and went forth resolved to spend it in the service of God. "Christ for me!" That was my motto; that was my battle-cry; that was my war-note; that was my consolation from the very first, even up to this day. It is the cry with which I would fight the devil and all his works until there is not a sign of curse in existence, not a sorrow unsmoothed, not a tear unwiped away, until the world is bathed in Salvation, and all men are bathing in its life-giving stream.

I must not forget to say that my father was a business man, and that I myself was brought up in the Church of England at a time when the subject of conversion was seldom mentioned. So at fifteen years of age I joined a Wesleyan Chapel where the Gospel was clearly and simply preached, and I soon became what we term in the Salvation Army, soundly converted. It was in the slums and purlieus of Nottingham that I learned to speak and talk in my own way; whether it's good or bad, I don't know. I can only say it's my way.

At this time I was hard at work in the daytime at my business; it was only at night I had time to go out and preach. At twenty-five years of age I became a Methodist minister. I had previously been an Evangelist, as they call them, for two and a half years, and for four years I was put down to regular circuit work. But I couldn't rest; I wanted to get out into the wide sea of misery, suffering and sweltering around me. The Conference wouldn't let me do that special work, the only work for which I felt myself really fitted; and so, believing I was called to it by God, I went out and led every friend I had in the world.

I went to Cornwall, and had a great upheaval there. Seven thousand souls were converted. There I knew and loved that wonderful church clergyman, Robert Aitken, Canon Hay Aitken's father, and one of the mightiest preachers the world has ever known; also Mr. Hawber, whom Mr. Baring Gould has written about, and my dear friend, Mr. Haslam. I left Cornwall after a time and came to London, and settled down for work in White-chapel, with a whole contingent of misery and vice around me. I had no special or settled plan of campaign; I set out on a regular guerrilla warfare in the lanes and slums. I was opposed to making new organizations, and so I toiled on in my own way from 1865 to 1873. My work began as a mission, with general, catholic, baudsmen, and all under one hat, and that was my hat. Of course, helpers soon came, and at last we got to be known

I tried hard to be taken up by two or three religious bodies, but they were afraid. They feared, I suppose, that I should be hard to manage, though I offered to come entirely under their orders if they would leave me to my own methods. In after years, Dr. Rensselaer, the Archbishop, and the Bishop of Durham both saw me, desiring to find some means by which they could comprehend the Salvation Army, in the church, their great notion being not to repeat the mistake the church had already made with John Wesley. I should have all liberty, they assured me; they only wanted some link between the Church and the Army; but it was too late, the difficulties



## The General

in the way were too great; besides, how could I have answered for the wishes and opinions of the 14,000 officers who were by that time working under me? I could not have got all of them to come with me, so I thought it better to flow on side by side, and help one another when and where we could.

It is a mistake to suppose that we have taken the military as a model. We have never taken anything as a model—no church, no chapel, no army. In fact, the title, "Captain," was, in the first instance, intended to be nautical rather than military, and was meant to catch the eye of the Whitty fishermen; the subsequent addition of other military titles was a matter of necessity. It became essential to define the position of the assistant evangelist. And what more convenient term could be found than that of lieutenant? Elders and class-leaders were no more, and some substitute was necessary. Sergeants and sergeant-majors just met the difficulty.

The rapid increase of the work made it advisable to group the stations into districts, under the charge of the most experienced evangelists. A distinguished file again became a necessity. The clerical staff

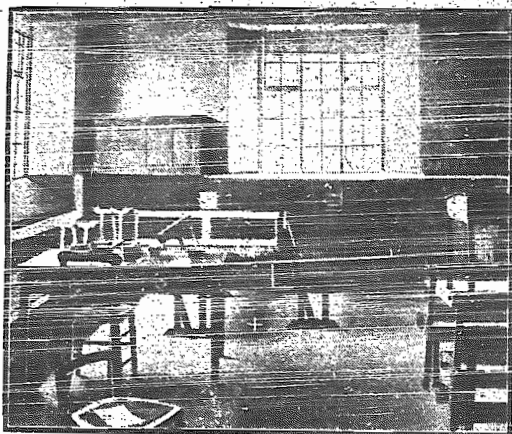
had been abandoned as unsuitable. Hence it appeared advisable once more to have recourse to military phraseology, and the major and colonel were accordingly introduced. As to my own title — well, it also came as natural as the rest. I had up to then been plain William Booth, General Superintendent of the Mission, Captain Cadman one day announced me at a meeting as the General of the Salvation Army. It has stuck to me ever since. I never took the title. It was forced upon me by others in exactly the same way that Christmas were first so called at Antioch. The students received the name of "corps," and in 1878 the first flag was presented. I designed the colors, and am rather proud of them.

The history of the Salvation Army is mainly my own history, but it is also the history of her who for so many years was his heart and soul. I met my wife in early days of my ministerial

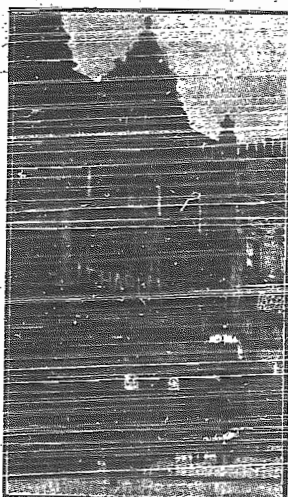
work, and we were married in 1830. No onward step was ever taken but she was fully associated with H. Sted, who afterwards became affectionately known to millions as "The Mother of the Salvation Army," began her public ministry at Gateshead, in the year 1861. Of that work I cannot say much, for I have always felt it was beyond all words of praise or blame.

I have always recognized the value of organized action. Individual effort is all very well, but to accomplish great results combined action is absolutely necessary. This idea lay at the base of the lasting character of Wesley's work, as compared with the more evanescent effect of Whitfield's preaching. Both men lived at the same period, and worked in exactly the same conditions of society; and yet see how Wesley has lived on and we...

I always used to say: "There is one God, and John Wesley is His prophet"; and, upon my word, I think I am right. Wesley believed in discipline and in continued action. "So do I," and that is why I claim the Salvation Army has been a success, next, of course, to the blessing of God and to our faith in the Unseen. Cardinal Manning—dear old man, God bless him!—said to me once: "You couldn't have maintained your faith in the supernatural except God had been with you." But fancy trying to work America without combined action! What could we do in methodical Japan without a plan of campaign? In India, I soon saw we should do no good amongst the educated classes in the towns so I resolved that we must go into the villages and educate the low castes, and then, by combined effort, go on and attack the others.



Where the General was Saved.  
The cross indicates the spot in the Methodist Sunday School room,  
Nottingham, where the General was converted.



**The World Food**

In front of which, in 1865, the General first preached to the East-End masses.



# ARE YOU CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST?

**H**AT Christ was crucified there is no shadow of a doubt. Apart from the Word of God there are abundant proofs that the great sacrifice was made, that our Redeemer fought the fight, drank the bitter cup, went up the hill, yielded Himself to His murderers, and finished the work He came to do. It is also equally true that He rose again, ascended on high, sits at the right hand of His Father, is the Intercessor for the whole sinning world, and the surety for all who lay claim to His Salvation and rest in His love; so that all men may sing:-

"Before the throne my Surety stands,  
My name is written on His hands."

When we think of the price He paid for our Salvation, remembering that God gave His only begotten Son; that the Son gave Himself, and in spite of every opposing force went through to the end and finished the work He came to do, the call comes to us with irresistible force to follow in His footsteps and yield ourselves, body, soul, and spirit to Him.

## PAUL'S CRUCIFIXION.

The Apostle Paul speaks of being "crucified with Christ," and again, "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts."

The question that heads this article needs an answer. Can you say, as Paul said, "I am crucified with Christ"? Can you say, with all humility of spirit, and yet with triumphant faith, "Yes"?

It may be some one will ask: Why should I yield myself upon the altar of sacrifice? There are various reasons; but, coming back to the great Apostle, we can find an answer in these powerful words of his—"That the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin."

How often it is set before us in the Word of God that we cannot be followers, or disciples, of Jesus Christ unless we are prepared to take up the cross in our every-day life and warfare. We are constantly reminded that unless there has been the embracing of the cross, the crucifixion of the old man, the literal yielding up of oneself to the great purpose for which Jesus Christ came into the world, that it is all a failure.

## LOVING THE UNLOVABLE.

How vividly there comes to my mind a scene I witnessed in years gone by in Canada. I was leading a meeting, and sitting in front of me was a poor, wretched, slobbering drunkard. His face was filthy, but down it rolled the tears as the meeting went on, when all at once a dear soldier went to his side, put his arm around him, took out a beautiful clean handkerchief, and every now and then wiped the drunkard's mouth and eyes, and eventually led him to the mercy seat, where he prayed over him, helped him to trust Christ, took him home, gave him supper, and brought him back again to the meeting, and never rested until he got him on to his feet.

A friend of mine who witnessed the sight came to me at the close of the meeting, and, with tears in his eyes, said, "I am afraid I am not well enough

saved to hug a poor old drunkard like that." Why? That was the question that came to me. The answer was not far to seek. He had not yet got the power from his Lord to love the unlovable. For is not this just what Christ does? And yet, in after days, as the Spirit of God did its work in the heart of that old friend, I realized that he had really nailed himself to the cross, and was crucified with Christ, for I have again and again seen him do just the sort of thing that he told me long before he did not think he was saved well enough to take in hand.

## NOT GOLGOTHA ONLY.

Christ bids us take up our cross daily and follow Him. It not only means coming to a decision, yielding up oneself, giving over to God all one has and is, but the daily dying. It not only means the Golgotha, but to stand for Christ on the streets of one's native city, in the home, in the workshop, in the wilderness, to go on with the works of mercy, to face the manifold difficulties, trials, and temptations of life, and triumph over them in the strength and power of God.

Crucifixion certainly meant to Christ the giving up of Himself, an offering for the world; not merely the one act, but the daily and hourly following out of that offering. He was human as well as Divine. Temptations assailed Him from every standpoint, as they assail us. Notwithstanding, He deliberately, earnestly, and consistently followed out the purpose for which He came into the world. He trod the winepress alone, He went to the very end on the lines of denial and sacrifice, He fought the Calvary battle before He went to the cross—as witness His frequent references to His death, and His agony in the Garden. He resolutely saved not Himself, in order that He might save us.

## A PAINFUL PROCESS.

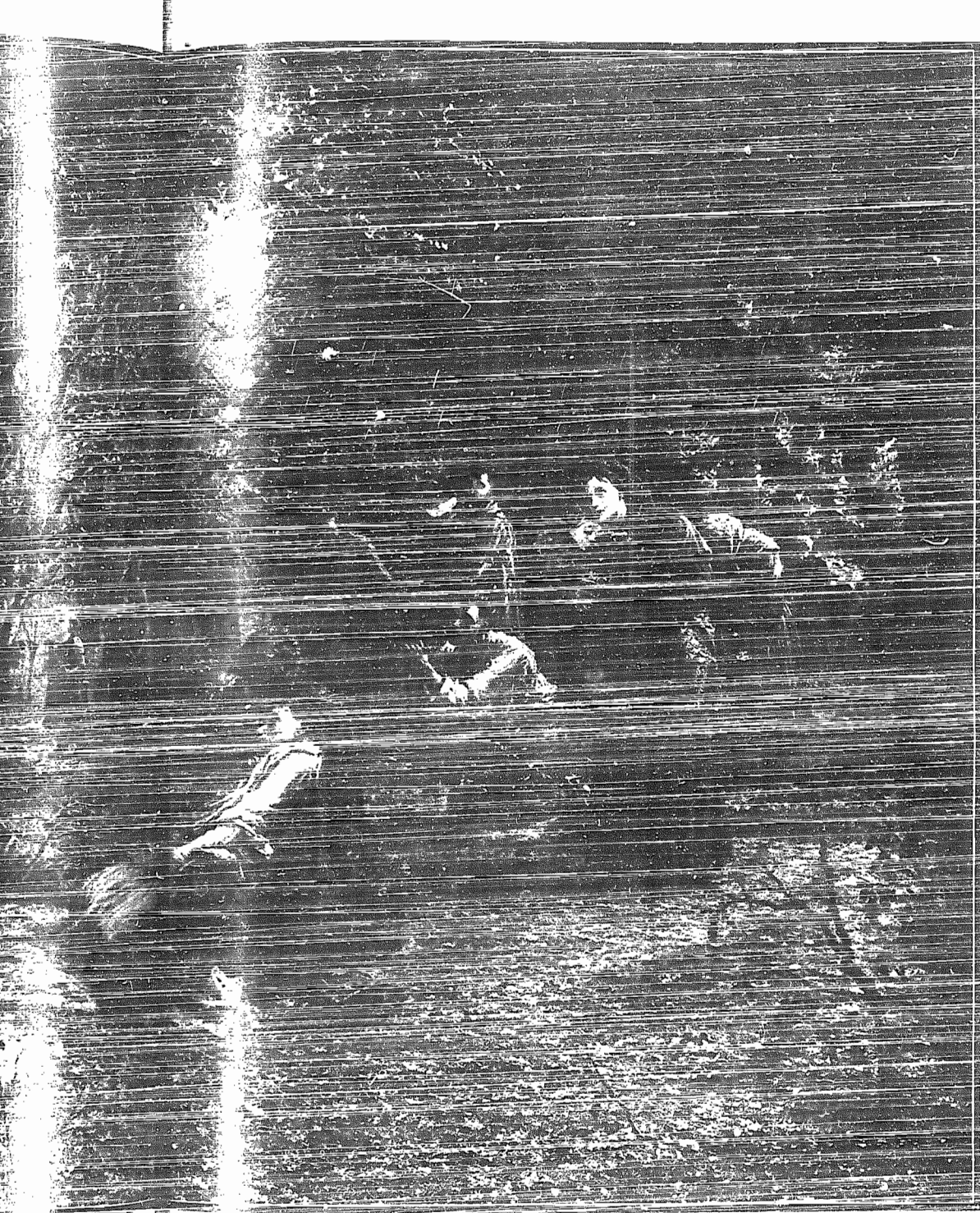
Perhaps there is nothing in the process of crucifixion that appeals more painfully to the imagination than the nailing of the hands and the feet to the cross of wood. Terrible as the human suffering may be, yet in the nailing to the cross there is implied security, being made fast. No doubt the poet had that idea in his mind when he penned these words, "Nail my affections to the cross," and I should like to impress upon all who read this article the great necessity there is to nail to the cross their affections, and also their promises. Even as the seaman, who, in the thick of the battle, nailed the ship's colors to the mast, so that they should not be struck in token of surrender, so we must make fast to the cross our vows, our promises, so that, while others seek to gratify their worldly ambitions, and seek after this world's goods, rush after the honors and the good will of the people around them, we shall be fixed in our high and holy resolutions, and make fast to His service in our consecration, and thus be able to say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." How can it be done?

In the same old way! The royal way to heaven is the royal way of the cross. The surrendering, the consecrating, and the going on with it all the time. When can it be done?

Thank God, now is the accepted time.



ESUS, YOU SON  
OF DAVID HAVE  
MERCY ON ME.



JESUS, THOU SON  
OF DAVID HAVE  
MERCY ON ME.





## A RISEN CHRIST

In the greyness of the day-dawn, through a dewy, silent garden,  
To the sepulchre came women where their dear Redeemer lay;  
Though their hearts were gall and wormwood, in their hands they bore sweet spices,  
And they said to one another, "Who shall roll the stone away?"

But the Soul's bright Day was dawning, and the Night of Hell was fleeing:

Mighty hands had hurled the stone, that sealed the grave, aside;

And the women who came weeping found their Blessed Lord was risen.

While the place where they had laid Him was by Angels occupied.

Christ, His mighty work had finished: brought to Adam's race redemption;

Quelled the arch-supplanter Satan, had his kingdom overthrown;

Fought and vanquished dread Temptation, Death for Death gave to stern Justice,

Robbed the deep grave of its Vict'ry, won Jehovah back His own.

Then He burst His fleshly prison, tore His rocky bonds asunder,

Laid aside the linen cements on the gloomy grave-house floor;

Spread His hands and blessed His people, then He up to Heaven ascended

To the throne of God the Father, there to reign for evermore.

Then the bright angelic singers, with their golden harps resounding,  
Sang in Heavenly, swelling anthems, praises to the Son of God.

Who, when all in Heaven were silent, offered to be man accounted,

That He might make full atonement for those underneath the rod.

So when seasons, fast revolving, bring to us the joyous Easter,  
How we laud the Resurrection—e'en all nature sings for joy,  
For the black and death-like forests, burst and crackle with young leafage,  
Shouting praises to their Maker for the new life they enjoy.

And the daffodils and violets, primroses and pale narciss;

How they blossom in the springtime, smiling upward from the soil;

And the birdies in the thickets, where they mate and rear their nestlings.

Bringing new life into being—thus they praise their Maker, God.

And the lambkins in the meadows, white as snowflakes left belated,

And the cattle on the hill-sides, with their sportive graceful young;

How their bleating and their lowing voice their thanks to their Creator—

No more tuneful Easter carol unto God was ever sung.

How, then, ought mankind to praise Him—Christ, the pure, exalted Saviour,

Sitting high in Kingly glory, meekest of the Heavenly host,

Off'ring to poor tempted mortals freedom from sin's foul dominion,

Purity from evil passions, safety through the Holy Ghost?

Praise Him by full consecration—take the gifts He offers to thee—

Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, tell of His unbounded love;

Help Him win the world from Satan, resurrect it as God made it—

Happy, smiling, blest creation—then go dwell with Him above.

—J. P.



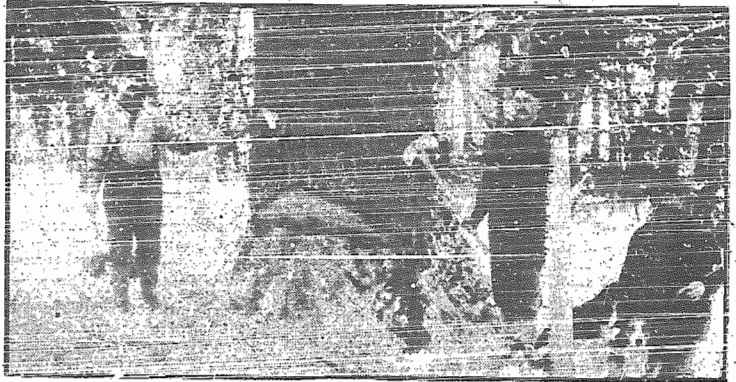
The Women at the Tomb.

# In Camp with the "Lumberjacks"

## The Experiences of a Salvation Army Convert.

**L**UMBERJACKS are usually regarded as a pretty tough, eldse, and that indeed may be the truth, but my experience is that they are no worse than any other class, which lives and labors on the outskirts of civilization and not half so bad as many thousands who are well within its pale. At any rate, those with whom I mixed for four seasons had a genuine respect for a man's Salvation—if he lived anywhere near to his profession; even when it went against certain practices prevalent amongst them, and regarded with leniency.

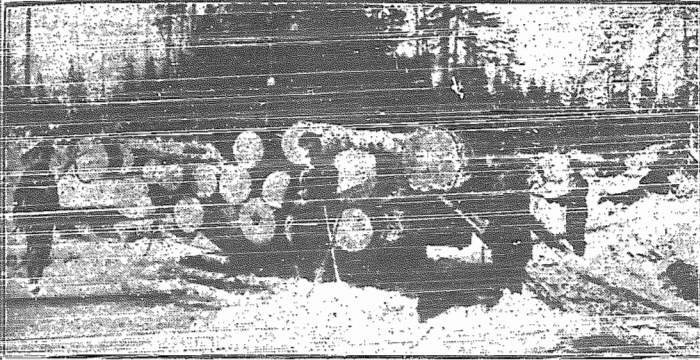
For instance, when I got saved I had with me an unconverted pal, and we were just on the point of starting for the lumber camp, at which we expected to get work. The camp was a good many miles distant, and, under ordinary circumstances, both of us would have "jumped the trains"—that



Notching a Tree.

chums came to town with that idea. I heard some singing. Now, I am very fond of singing; in fact, for some years I was a chorister. Well, this singing sounded pretty good, so I sauntered from the hotel to where the singing sounded. I found an Army open-air in operation. I stood and listened, and then went to the indoor meeting. This was the third Salvation Army service I had ever attended. That night I gave God my heart, and though never an outrageous character, I straightway began to live a new life. Within a few days, as I have already said, a mate and myself set off on a few days' tramp to the bush, and for five months I never attended a meeting, but found God's grace sufficient to keep a man from sin in a lumber camp. The first man I met there has since become a Salvationist, and is to-day an officer.

"Kindly give us a description of camp life and lumbering. Take the camp you 'hit,' as you say, at the end of your long walk."

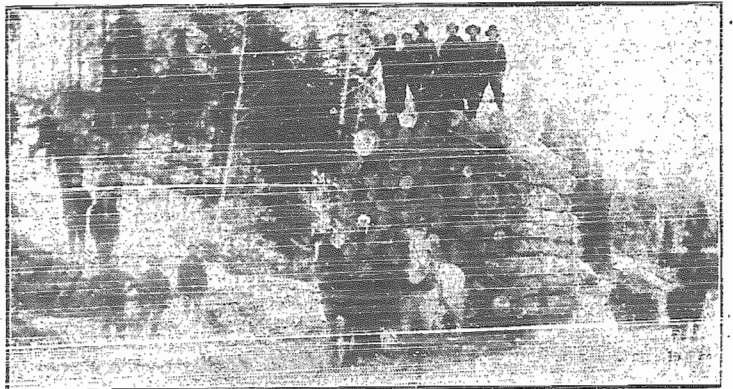


Logs at a Skidway.

is, smuggled ourselves in a railway compartment and got a free ride to our destination; but my newly-awakened conscience would not allow me to steal a ride, and I said so. There was, then, nothing for it but to pay or tramp. We were not scrupulous with cash, so we decided to walk, and all along those miles, no matter what my mate might have thought—not once did he utter one disrespectful word concerning Salvation or the Salvation Army, but because he thought that I was doing the right thing cheerfully accompanied me on the long wearisome walk. That conduct was absolutely characteristic of the lumber men with whom I worked.

"Tell us about your conversion, comrade," said the interviewer.

"Well, I had been with a threshing outfit, and on Saturday night I was in a Western town—and came in with my mates to paint the town red in a mild sort of way. You know, when a man has been in the wilderness, he likes now and again to have a bit of a flare-up. So myself and some



A Sleighload of Logs.

"All right; but you must let me tell it in my own way. I'm afraid I'm not very good at descriptive. Anyway, here goes."

"The camp I have referred to ultimately numbered fifty men, but it was in the beginning stage when I went there. First, of course, the camp, or houses, are erected. Generally speaking, these are the sleeping camp, where the men sit and sleep, which may be about fifteen by forty feet; another, pretty nearly as large, is called the 'feed camp.' Here the cook and his assistant rules the roost, and the men eat their morning and evening meals. Another of smaller size is called the office. It contains bunks for the foreman, clerks, and scaler. It is also usually somewhat on a stove, where the lumbermen can get mitts and medicine, or anything else he is likely to want in the work. Anything except intoxicating liquor. Blacksmiths, shops, stables, and other necessary places are eventually erected."

"The houses are snugly built log shanties. First the trees are felled, and then chopped clear of



Interior of Sleeping Camp.

branches, cut into proper lengths, and notched so that they will fit into each other and lie close. The walls are then carried about eight or nine feet high, when long trees are placed on the top of the walls, supported by strong posts, called 'scop-beers.' Upon the trees are placed the roof, which may be rough boards covered with tarred felt, or what is called a 'scop-roof,' that is, trees hollowed out like a trough, and then placed side by side with the hollow side up. Upon these hollowed logs is then placed another layer of logs which fit into the concave, and thus make a roof that is impervious to rain, wind, or snow.

"The door having been fixed, the bunks are put up along the sides. There are upper and lower berths, with a slight slope to the outer walls.

"Then comes the 'camboose,' or fireplace, for cooking and heating the camp. A hole in the roof forms the chimney and provides the ventilation.

"Each gang has to build its own roads. These are usually what are called 'corduroy roads,' that is, logs laid side by side, with tree-trunks laid longwise underneath, to prevent them sinking into the soft earth. These roads lead to the railway or the water-side, whichever the case may be.

"Then there are skidways, places to which the logs are hauled by teams, where they are stacked for a time. But I am getting ahead of my story. Let me tell you about the men. They come from all parts of the earth, but are mostly French-Canadians—these are clever men with an axe.

"The headman of the gang is the foreman. After him come the clerk, cook, carpenter, and blacksmith. The best-paid man in the gang apart from the walking boss, as the foreman is called, is the cook. He earns from \$75 to \$100 a month—and he earns it. He has generally two assistants, and to get such good food as the lumbermen like makes a long day's work for any three men. They are at it at half-past three in the morning, for breakfast must be ready at half-past five, and consists of bacon, beefsteak, caribou steak, with potatoes and beans. Dinner is a solid meal. Boiled and baked meats and puddings and pies, with all sorts of cakes, are provided. Good food is as great a draw as big pay, and occasional luxuries help to keep the men contented; so bearing this fact in mind, the companies keep high-priced cooks, and supply them liberally with materials for providing appetizing meals. If the cook is not good the men won't star."

"What do they do on Sundays?"

"Well, there is no place of worship for them to attend, so they mostly mend their clothes, and take things easy, providing new balsam for their beds and fitting up themselves generally."

"On Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons I sang to them. I was such a young convert, only having attended a few meetings after I got converted, that I wasn't up to conducting meetings, but I let them know straight away that I was a Salvationist, and sang to them, and took them by twos and threes away into the woods and gave them my own experience, and talked to them in the best manner that I knew of. As I have already said, they would listen most respectfully, and I have reason to believe that my presence had a wholesome effect upon the men."

"Well, now, to tree cutting?"

"I suppose the man who considers himself the prince o' woodsmen is the axeman, and to watch a good chopper at work is well worth while. He first 'notches' the tree, which is done on the side he wishes the tree to fall. Then he and his mate attack the tree on the opposite side. The strokes follow one another with the regularity of clock-work, and after a few minutes a great shiver runs through the tree, and then with a crash comes down the pride of the forest. The chopper can fell his tree so skillfully that a stake set in the ground is driven into the earth nearly every time by the tree falling exactly upon it.

"Of late years chopping down trees has been discontinued. They are first notched and then felled by means of the crosscut saw. The men now usually work in threes, one chopper and two sawyers. The first notches the trees, then when it has fallen clears away the small branches and marks the lengths into which it shall be cut by the sawyers. These men get about \$25 a month, with food and lodging.

"After them comes the tonger and teamster, the first fastens a chain to the log and the latter guides it and his team to the skidway, where the logs are decked ready for a man who is paid by the lumberman but is commissioned by the Government. His duty is to measure all the lumber cut

and make a return to the Crown Lands Department, who collects revenue on all the trees cut.

"The trees are then taken on sleighs to the 'banking' grounds of the river, where they remain until the ice moves out in the spring, when they are taken in charge by the 'drivers' and floated down the river to the various markets.

"There is a great field of Salvation labor amongst the lumberjacks."

## The Dying Wish of a Warrior.

Once a Drunken Lumberjack—Saved at Sixty-Four  
"Give Me an Army Funeral."

The officers at Kinnmount, Capt. Boynton and Lieut. Rutherford, recently received a letter asking them to visit an old man of eighty-four, who lay dying at the village of Minden, twelve miles away. It was a long walk for them, but they decided to go and see if they could cheer him in his dying moments.

For hours they tramped along over the rough hilly roads, and finally arrived at the house of John Jeffries. He was glad to see them, and related part of his life-story as they sat by his bedside.

"Twenty years ago, lads," he said, "I was the worst drunkard in these parts. I was a trapper, hunter, and lumberman, and used to earn large money at it. When I came to town I stayed at the hotel, and just drank and drank till all my dollars were gone. One day Mr. Holtefreund, God bless him, got talking to me about my soul, and I was so upset that I came right out to the penitent form and started praying. Somehow or other I didn't get what I wanted that night. You see, I was an old fellow of sixty-four, and it was a hard thing to believe that God would blot out all those years of sin in a moment. Still I was thoroughly woke up to my awful condition, and so I came again and got the glorious assurance that I was forgiven.

"When I went back to the hotel that night I found the proprietor shaking dice. He said to me:

"John, I'll shake you for the drinks."

"Oh, no," I replied, "I am done with drinking and dice forever."

"Why, you must have joined the Army," he said with a laugh, and I replied, "Thank God, I have."

"That was the first stand I took for Christ, and for twenty years, lads, He has helped me to remain true. Jesus has been good to me, and I know that now His blood cleanses my heart from all sin."

"I sent for you to know if you will give me an Army funeral when I die, for I feel I'm fast going, and I want to be buried under the old colors."

The officers promised that they would see to this matter, and as they started on their long walk home, they felt that God had blessed them and rewarded them for coming. Old John Jeffries had given them a fresh inspiration to be faithful to their calling to the end.

## Self-Murder Averted by a Song.

"I'm going home where the angels dwell,  
O sinner, won't you come?"

This was the song that the Salvationists were singing when a dissipated looking man who happened to be passing, stopped to listen. The song so took hold of him that he followed the procession to the hall, and when the invitation was given by the officers for sinners to come to the mercy seat, the poor man came out and sought and found Salvation.

He gave his name to the officers and told his story. This is it in substance:

"My name is G. H. I am a cabinet-maker, but have given way to drink. I have deserted my wife and four children, and have been a wanderer for months. I have no home, and, as you see, am in rags. No person would give me employment, and I had lost all hope. This evening I had become possessed of the opence, which I spent in poison, having determined to end my miserable existence. (Here he handed the Captain a bottle labelled 'Poison.') But I heard your people singing about going home where the angels dwell, and I knew that if I took my own life I should certainly go to hell, and by God's grace I have come to Him for help instead."

That man is now in a good situation, earning a very comfortable living, has been re-united with his wife and family, and all of them are now soldiers in the Salvation Army.—C. W. McGee, Moose Jaw.

## Brother John's Strange Disappearance. —Or, All Through an Easter Song.

It was a cold Easter morning, but the soldiers of a certain small corps had gathered together for a march around the town.

Along the main street they went, arousing the still sleeping inhabitants with the strains of that old Easter song, "Up from the grave He arose."

Sitting on a doorstep, trying to snatch a few minutes' sleep, was a young man. He looked hungry, ragged, and destitute, and every now and then would awake from his doze and endeavor to warm himself by stamping his feet and rubbing his hands. After every fresh effort he would pull his ragged coat closer around him and settle down on the doorstep again. He was a picture of utter weakness and hopelessness.

As the Salvationists came swinging along down the street the Captain noticed the poor outcast, and touched by pity at his wretched condition, she went over to him and invited him to the barracks, telling the Sergeant-Major to show him the way.

He had a sad story to tell of disgrace and imprisonment and failure to obtain work. At that time everybody was feeling the pinch of poverty, and no one in the corps was able to help him much. The officers, therefore, took him to the quarters and shared their meal with him. Then they hustled around and begged some respectable clothes for him, and the next day managed to secure him a job and fixed him up in comfortable lodgings.

This little incident cheered the soldier considerably, and quite a revival broke out in the corps, resulting in the conversion of the young man and many more like him.

The change in his life was genuine, and he became quite a power for good in the town, being known as Brother John.

For six months he kept steadily at work, and then one day it was reported that he was missing.

Everybody seemed to lose faith in him then, and it was openly said that John had gone back to his old life again.

The Captain did not lose faith in him, however, and told everyone that she was sure he was all right, and that everything would be explained in time.

She called at his lodging-place and found that his board was paid up. She called on his employer, and he gave John a first-class character, and said he had three weeks' money for him. So far the whole matter was shrouded in mystery, and for six years it remained so. That happened in the Old Country.

Six years later the Captain was in a Canadian corps and was selling Easter War Crys from door to door.

At one house a smart young fellow came to the door, and for a moment or so the two looked at each other.

"Can't it be John?" exclaimed the Captain, in glad surprise.

"It's me, Captain," replied the young man, while sobs of joy welled up within him and a tear trickled from his eye.

He told the story then of his sudden flight, which quite justified the Captain's unwavering confidence in him.

It appears that he was a "ticket of leave" man, and had been trucked down by the police. Thinking that very soon his employer would get to hear about it, and that he would be known throughout the town, as an ex-jail-bird, he felt ashamed to face his comrades again, and so decided to leave the place. He had saved enough to take him to Canada, and so he started life afresh in a new country where no one knew him.

His faith in God had never wavered, and he had prospered in every way. He chose one of Canada's fair daughters as his partner in life, and God blessed them with a bonny baby boy.

This Easter finds him with the Army uniform, booming the Cry in which this story appears.

His home is one that would make our dear General's heart rejoice could he see it, and as John and the Captain knelt in the little parlor a prayer of thanksgiving ascended to God for all His goodness.

Soon the news traveled across the ocean to the little corps, saying that the wanderer was found and bidding them look out their Easter War Crys, outcasts as they marched around the town singing "Up from the grave He arose."—Mrs. L. E. C.



# SONGS THAT HAVE WON SOULS.

A Series of Remarkable Incidents Compiled by the Commissioner.

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—This is one of the most interesting and inspiring things ever printed in a Salvation Army journal, and we are grateful to the Commissioner for having, out of his well-stored memory and abundant memoranda, supplied us with the following compilation. We are glad to say there is more to follow. It may not be necessary to hint to our field comrades that there is a splendid special meeting in this page.

**"His blood can make the vilest clean,  
His blood avails for me."**

It was a small week-night open-air meeting in a side street. A wintry night-fall created a desire in most persons who had a home to go to, to get quickly within its warmth and shelter. Humanly speaking, this was the most unlikely night and place to reach sinners with the Gospel of song. Deserted streets, fast closed doors, thickly curtained windows, all made the little attempt at an open-air meeting appear very dubious of success. And the enemy of souls taking advantage of the whistling wind, and bleak, drear outlook, whispered to more than one soldier, "It is hardly worth while to-night." No one seemed to be listening as the little band of singers struggled through verse and chorus again and again. But an inspiration of faith possessed one woman's heart. "God can see behind the curtain, comrades," she said cheerily, and again they sang it—

**"His blood can make the vilest clean,  
His blood avails for me."**

In a neighboring house, behind fast closed windows, lay a lad, dying of consumption.

The song message was fastened upon his heart, and God's Holy Spirit applied its precious truths ere the flickering lamp of his earthly life was spent.

There upon his dying couch he claimed the precious blood to cleanse him also, and, calling his mother to the bedside, told the glad news—"Mother, His blood avails for me!"

Swift as the lightning flash the angel came down and carried that new-born son of faith up to the family of God.

But the "arrow shot at a venture" had not done all its appointed work. Shortly afterwards his poor, bereaved mother was taken ill. The dying testimony of her boy had sunk into her heart, and awakened conviction. Sending to the Army for the woman-soldier whose faith had rallied the song that dismal night, she told her what had happened, and how she, too, was troubled about her sins. Could there be cleansing for her? Would the precious blood alone also for her? Oh, how gladly was she assured again and again of the glorious fact. At last she ventured herself on God, and dared to claim by faith the Salvation she so sorely needed.

God's finger had pointed her hour. She died—saved just in time.

There was a third link in that chain. "My word shall not return unto Me void, it shall accomplish that which I please," for the nurse who had attended the sick household was taken hold of by the Spirit of God. Followed by the persistent woman-soldier, she was faithfully dealt with, and there and then by the death-bed, upon which son and mother alike had found Salvation, she surrendered herself to God, and got beautifully saved.

Who shall say that the open-air that night was not worth while?

**"Oh, why wilt thou die,  
Why wilt thou die—  
Sinner, sinner, why?"**

So sang the Plymouth soldiers at their week-night open-air meeting in a low part of that great city. A poor, besotted Irish slave heard the singing, even though at the time he was semi-intoxicated, and God's Spirit drove the words home.

He followed to the barracks, and was soon found crying for mercy and deliverance at Jesus' feet.

Next morning the Captain was early at his home to cheer and help the new convert. His wife answered the door, and presently the husband also came forward, minus a coat.

"What have you done with your coat?" asked the Captain.

"Ah, Captain," said the man, "I've been such a wretched drunkard, and served my wife and family so badly that they had no food in the house; so last night I went and pawned my coat that they might have bread to-day."

For a week the coat remained in pawn, but a real change had taken place, and the tide had turned. Circumstances brightened, for the saved father now diligent in bringing home to wife and children the wages he earned.

Later on his wife also was led to Christ, and though she has since been called to the Bright Home above, our comrade continues to be a faithful soldier in the fighting ranks.

**"Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?  
Who'll be the next His cross to bear?  
Someone is ready, someone is waiting—  
Who'll be the next a crown to wear?  
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus now?"**

This song was sung in the West End of London, with great power, by the corps at the Rink in Regent's Circus. A proud shop assistant entered the meeting. It was her first visit. She was awakened by the song, and eventually volunteered to the mercy seat, consecrated her talents to the Lord, and is now the wife of a Brigadier in the Salvation Army.

A month or two after her conversion she sang to a full house, "Oh, where is my wandering boy to-night?" A young fellow, smartly dressed, came into the building, out of curiosity and for a little fun. He heard this song, was mightily moved, went to the mercy seat, became a soldier, a Field Officer, and a Divisional Officer.

**"God is near thee, tell thy story,  
He will hear thy tale of sorrow;  
God is near thee, and in mercy  
He will welcome thy return."**

When the Army opened fire in Whitney, in the Homeland, a certain man made a resolve—he was a rough fellow, with no religion, but the worship of the saloon—and he determined that if this Army did anything of which he did not approve, he would upset the whole lot of them.

The first Sunday morning open-air meeting was in progress. He stood on the outskirts of the ring, in his shirt sleeves. But, instead of the anticipated row, he himself was upset. Conviction spoke; the Spirit of God drove home conviction, and he was so thoroughly taken hold of that he could not eat, and did not know what to do with himself. He went upstairs to his room to reflect, but he could not even bear the solitude, and, putting on his coat, went out again to listen to the Army.

He did not want his mates to see him, so, having followed the Army to the hall, he hid himself behind the stove. The meeting commenced, and the little lassie Captain gave out the song, "God is near thee." How the words smote him. God-near him! He trembled with fear. Then falling upon his knees, behind the stove, he listened further. "He will hear thy tale of sorrow." Ah, what a tale it was! Life a failure! He, the poor sin-bound slave of the devil. Would God hear him? Deeply in earnest, he prayed for pardon and Salvation. God heard and answered and forgave. He became a leading soldier in the fighting ranks of that corps.

**"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee,  
Let the water and the blood  
From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and make me pure."**

This old song has been sung the world over, and will live on and on. It is one of the "never-wear-outs."

One Sunday afternoon this song was sung in the streets of London, when a man who was selling muffins on the Sabbath, and was under the influence of drink, interrupted the meeting. The leader asked him to come into the ring and speak. He stepped in, but could say nothing. He was then dealt with while another comrade took on the meeting. The Army marched away, linked up arms with him, and went to the very street where he lived—one of the soldiers carrying his board with the muffins on it. He eventually knelt down, and the leader of the meeting offered his coat for a penitent form, but eventually a Social Gazette was found on which he knelt and cried for mercy. The muffins were distributed among the soldiers, and the man was taken home to the Sergeant-Major's house for tea, and brought to the meeting at night and took his place in the ranks as a soldier of the Army.

**"Lingering in my memory are her loving words,  
And her smile I seem to see  
As my eyes fondly move to the pages that I love  
In the Bible my mother gave to me."**

"Give us a song, boss," said a man to a Salvationist, who was selling War Cry in a saloon, and the comrade, in no wise daunted, took his place at the piano, usually used in the service of the devil, and vamped an accompaniment as he sang the above song.

After he had finished singing he rose and said, "Now I have something to say," and gave his testimony, after which, with the permission of the proprietor, he prayed with them, the proprietor remarking, "If you pray here, the roof will fall in." The comrade went on and prayed. The proprietor then asked him to cut in a word for him.

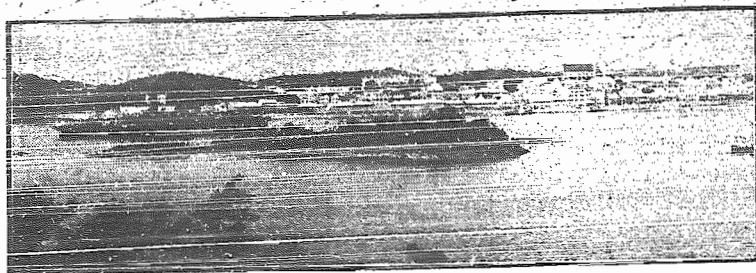
**"Away, far beyond Jordan,  
We'll meet in that land,  
Oh, won't it be grand?"**

A very touching incident is related in connection with this song. A coal-miner, a soldier of the Salvation Army, before going to his work, sang this song, joyfully dancing round the table while singing it. He kissed his wife and children and went off to the mine to his work. An accident happened, and he was killed instantly. The fact that he sang this song just before going to his employment was a great comfort to the bereaved ones. How grand to have the assurance contained in the words of the song.

**"While He's waiting, pleading, knocking,  
Let Him in."**

This was sung by the Chalk Farm corps one night in April, some years ago, with marvelous power. A young man was listening in the hallway of the meeting-place, and was drawn inside, through this song, and moved to tears. In the prayer-meeting someone went to speak to him. The result was that he went to the mercy seat, sought Salvation and found it. He became a soldier, then a Field Officer, then a Divisional Officer, and is now a Major working among the young people, and has had great success in his work, and eternity will only reveal what was accomplished through the singing of that wonderful song.

# The Salvation Army in Bermuda.



Hamilton, Bermuda.



ACCORDING to that well-written publication, "Bushell's Handbook" "Bermuda may, in brief, be described as a land of shelving cedar and sloping hillsides, green with verdure, and shimmering under a southern sun, with a misty haze of violet hovering over all; for the horizon there is a sea of emerald hue, shading at times to turquoise blue, with purple patches marking the shoals, and over and anon the white sails of a fishing boat flashing in the sunlight."

Now, in the midst of all these beauties of nature a blessed season of Salvation revival is being experienced, the converts during the months of January and February numbering nearly two hundred.

At our request, Ensign Trickey has furnished us with some facts concerning the progress of the Salvation Army, also a number of splendid photographs taken by Mr. Luster, one of the Army's admirers in Bermuda.

The Bermudian Isles are evidently charming places, for their geographical position is such that they never experience any real winter, the warm Gulf Stream forming an effective barrier to Jack Frost. They have been poetically styled "The Land of the Lily and the Rose," and luxuriant masses of creepers, ferns, and evergreens meet the eye all the year round, while its flora is gorgeous and varied. The most important flowers cultivated to a large extent for the exportation of bulbs are the Bermuda lilies. One specimen of the Easter Lily was exhibited in New York which had one hundred and forty-five blooms.

In general appearance the Bermudas are low lying and covered with cedar trees. Nowhere are they more than three miles in width or over 250 feet in height, while the total length is about twenty-five miles. When we state, therefore, that there are over 100 islets in the group some idea may be gained of their size. The total area of the whole is nineteen and a quarter square miles. They have a population of over 17,000, of whom more than 11,000 are colored.

Among these interesting people, and amidst the floral splendor of the land they live in, our officers are hard at work, striving to teach them the way of God and bring them to a saving knowledge of the truth. They have met with wonderful success and many notorious sinners have been won to Christ, whilst the people generally regard the Army with great favor.

The present campaign has eclipsed all previous records for soul-saving and enthusiasm. Scores sought the blessing of sanctification during the Holiness Campaign, and at the Watchnight Services a tremendous crowd was present. A "Day With God" was then announced by Ensign Trickey, and from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. prayer and praise ascended without ceasing. The night meeting was a fitting climax to the whole effort and forty souls plunged into the fountain. From that time forward hardly a meeting was conducted without souls kneeling at the mercy seat, until the figures for six weeks stood as follows: 193 for Salvation, and 82 for purity, making a total of 275.

The converts were of all descriptions. The majority were young men addicted to tobacco; some were insatiable cigarette fiends, others were med-

erate drinkers and gamblers, while several were topers. There were also a few moral folk, a wife-beater or two, and one who contemplated suicide.

During the Drunkards' Week of the Campaign a number of ex-drunks related their experiences. Their testimonies were very definite and to the point, and showed clearly what God has done through the Army in Bermuda. Amongst others Drummer George Weir, better known as "Happy George," told his story as follows:—



Ensign and Mrs. Trickey and a Group of Bermuda Officers.

"I came to the Army hall drunk, during the six months I was bound over to keep the peace, and asked Capt. Hickey (now Mrs. Adj. Carter) if she could save a drunkard like me. She explained how I must come and pray, and I said, 'Here goes for prayer.' Some of the crowd said, 'Don't make a fool of yourself, George,' others said, 'You're all right; go on.' I got in earnest about the matter, and when I had prayed the Captain said, 'How do you feel?' 'Same as I always do,' I replied. Then

"The Salvation Army has accomplished invaluable work amongst the laboring classes; their highway and byway methods of work have unquestionably improved the general welfare of the community in many ways."

All About Bermuda.

she prayed for me again, and I prayed too, and after a while I got up a sober man. I have been going on for nearly ten years now, and instead of beating my wife I have been beating the Salvation Army drum for seven years.

There are many others who thank God today that the Army ever came to Bermuda, and they are ever ready, either on the street or in the hall, to tell what God has done for them.

We have four corps on the Islands. At Hamilton, the chief city, there are two hundred soldiers and recruits on the roll, and nearly as many more at the other three corps. The number of people is 176. The attendance at the meetings is steadily on the increase, and the average Sunday crowd numbers about 650, while during the week about 850 come to the hall.

The Ensign has received many encouraging letters from prominent people of the colony, who express themselves in glowing terms concerning the Army's work. The Mayor of Hamilton, Hon. W. T. James, writes as follows: "I wish to assure you of my deep interest in the work of the Salvation Army, and highly appreciate the good it is doing in the City of Hamilton, and in the Islands generally. There is no doubt about it, whatever is my mind that the Salvation Army has been a great blessing to Bermuda, and that it is doing a good work, bearing you all my best wishes for the future success of the Army."

His Honor Chief Justice Gahan says: "In my opinion, amongst the different features which have contributed to the wonderful success of the S. A. are its employment of women, its Rescue Work, and its Immigration Scheme, which is especially commendable on the ground that it reserves for Britain's future, her British material, which has been transplanted to a more vicious soil."

The Speaker of the House of Assembly, Hon. T. J. Widdowson, says: "I have been brought in direct contact with some of the Army's most successful efforts in Bermuda, and I have seen the good effects of its work, and wish to express an earnest belief that the Army work here may be even more successful in the future than it has been in the past."

E. C. Jackson, Esq., barrister, says: "I wish to express my admiration for the work of the Army, and the principles by which it is guided. I admire the great spirit of charity that pervades all its work, and I wish to say that it is the only Christian organization here with which I am acquainted that carries out the command, 'Go ye into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in.'"

The House of Assembly has recently granted authority to Salvation Army officers to perform marriages on the Island, and a number of weddings from would-be beneficiaries are beginning to come in.

(Continued on page 20)



A Bermudian Lily-Field and a Native.

# Sketches of London Life. No. 10.

## How the East Ender Spends Easter Bank Holiday.



'Arry and 'Arriet on the 'Eath.

**T**HE pastimes of the London poor are principally limited to the pub; but at certain seasons, namely,

Bank Holidays, efforts are made to keep holiday in "folly" style. And it is to the credit of the denizens of the court and alley that their tastes incline them to such health-giving resorts as Hampstead Heath and Epping Forest at which to "do the day."

I have in these sketches shown at considerable length how the Cockney tiger and laborer, and now propose to show how he takes his holiday, as witnessed at Hampstead Heath.

Acting on previous experiences, I arrayed myself in a Cockney, and in the early dawn of Easter Monday made my appearance in the neighborhood of St. Luke's. This was a strategic movement, the idea being to attain myself to some family group bound for the heights of Hampstead, to offer to stand in with the "hexes," and describe the day's doings, it being assumed that the doings of one family would be typical of the whole.

After pattering several streets, and seeing nothing in my line, I was almost run over by a smart moke-and-barrow, the driver of which, a paternal-looking coaster, seemed to be the type I was after. I saw the turn-out pull up with a flourish in front of a cottage in a court, and at once made for the spot. The barrow, no doubt, on Saturday had done duty in carting coke and greens. This Monday morning, however, it was spotlessly clean, and the moke, having blackened boots, and being liberally ornamented with red-white-and-blue ribbons, looked "daisy."

"Wot cher, gaffer!" said I to the coaster, who was giving the brass work of the harness a finishing rub, "goin' ter th' 'Eath?"

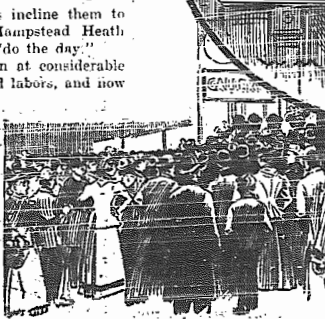
"Yus," said he. "The turn-out looks about all right. Shouldn't mind if I was a-goin' 'vvy yer," said I. "Enny chance?"

"Nah," said he; "this 'ere shay is about full up. There's me and my ole dutch (who's slightly em-bongpoo); Jane Hann and 'er bloke, and the nipper. That's enough for this Jeerusalem. I reckon."

I agreed it was, and said I'd wait to see him off. The start was magnificent. The neighbors and children crowded round amid great excitement. First came old Mrs. Cosbie, who proved to be very much "em-bongpoo," but who, with a broad smile and with the air of a duchess, attempted to bow, and with a blase air waved her hand and informed the neighbors that she was "goin' fer a



"I've got 'er 'at."



The Crush for the Theatre Gallery.

ture Mrs. 'Awkins," followed by "the core wot's walkin' 'er alit." "Jane Hann" was a comely young woman, her pleasant face surmounted with a hat of wonderful and fearful construction. She was adorned in colors as loud as her voice, which was something considerable.

"Jane Hann" and her bloke laid themselves out on the back seat, and behind them was next stowed away the drink and "wittles." The nipper, a youth about eight years of age, crouched at the bottom of the shay, in front of his mother. Then the "old un" took his seat, and with much shaking of the reins and slashing of the whip, the moke gingerly stepped out, amidst the cheers and good-humored clank of the neighbors.

"I tried other family turn-outs, but the result was not encouraging. One good woman waxed indignant when I attempted to negotiate a seat in the "donkey shay," and remarked that a "wulger," bus was good enough for a lot o' love like me." I thought so, too, and getting out into the City Road, boarded a bus, and got out for 'Appy 'Amstead.

Hampstead Heath was glorious. I stood on the heights, threw open my mouth, and inhaled, mightily lungfuls of the exhilarating breeze that sent "Arry's" hat flying and made "Arriets'" pink dress flap like a half-filled sail.

On the "wulger" bus I had passed hundreds of coasters' carts and other vehicles all traveling northward, but even so, when I arrived, about 10.30, the Cockneys had stormed their favorite resort in thousands.

Cocoonut shies, swings, roundabouts, and all the

usual customary delights of 'Amstead were in full swing, and one could not help feeling grateful for an institution that brought so many of the dwellers in the small East-End courts and alleys out into the bright sunshine and breezes, even though April showers did occasionally fall.

The wooded knolls were just a little too breezy, and I was glad to get into the sheltered vales which everywhere abound on the Heath, and in nearly all were to be found the donkey shays and family groups of the trippers.

Picking my way over the Vale of Health, I came across my acquaintance of the morning. Calls at the pubs en route, and with sundry sups of the contents of a stone jar, had got my friend into a convivial mood.

"Wot cher, me old daffydell!" he called out. "So yer've landed on the 'ights o' 'Appy 'Amstead?"

I joined the party, but declined refreshments. "Jane Hann" and her bloke had changed hats. This, I understood, was preliminary to his asking "Jane Hann" to let Mrs. 'Awkins (or whatever it was) be 'er uvver name, and that he had started rather early in the day.

"Wot's yer programme fer the dy's proceedings?" he asked.

"Sez 'e, 'I sh'll finish this 'ere pipe, an' then work hup a happette by

How the Evening is Spent.



Off to Heppin' Forest.

walkin' up the 'Eath, and then come back an' jist walk inter them 'ard-biled heggins an' sheeps' ead stuffed wiv sage, the heel-pies, and finish hup wiv a dollop or two of shivery-shake. I shall then hev about forty winks or so; then a liquor up; then I may try me luck wiv the coky-nuts. Arter that, if the ole dutch is gime, we'll hev a swing. Wot O, ole gal! Or mebbe a rand-abart on the hosses; there jan't so much pullin' wiv them as the swings.

"Then mabbe we'll go fer a donkey-ride. The ole dutch will ride the hired moke; she's such a buster, ye know. We shall visit the 'Wale o' 'Eath' pub, and arter that—ome."

So this is how the elder Cockney spends his Bank Holiday. Quiet and restful, and if it were not for the imbibing of intoxicants, would be very beneficial.

The youthful 'Arrys and 'Arriets went in for far more hilarious enjoyment. Here a couple of girls, face to face, were having a skipping match, each trying to outstay the other, and heedless alike of the cheers or ironical remarks made by the bystanders. At length one cried out, "E's pinched 'er 'at!" and immediately one of the girls hastened to the rescue of the much-prized "at an' fever."

Here the strains of a concertina, a mouth-organ, or an accordion will soon get dancing couples, and a street-piano must have made a heap of money by playing to waltzing pairs.

The cocoonut shies, as far as I could see, did a big business. That trait of an Englishman's character which will not allow him to be beaten has its commercial value to the proprietor of a cocoon-



## An Easter Resurrection.

"Gone are the icy hours,  
Song and sun are rife;  
Flowers  
Break bud in the bowers;  
Life  
Has won in the strife.  
"Blessing after the blight.  
Glory after the gloom,  
Light  
From out the night,  
Bloom  
From out the tomb."

Easter, with its dual memories, is upon us, bringing, as in this Easter song, thoughts of past and present, death and life, defeat and victory, passionate regrets and glorious bright confidence and anticipation. Oh, the sweetness of it. Jesus has risen and in Him we have risen to walk in "newness of life," "life more abundant." How many ransomed souls, who have passed through many Easters in darkness black as night, and in bondage worse than slavery, are to-day singing psalms of intensest gratitude for deliverance from thralldom. A risen Christ. "Because I live ye shall live also."

"He rose again and He dwells in my heart,  
Where all is peace and perfect love."

Many Easters have I spent in an incessant round of social life, selfish amusements, and sin. Drink had gradually obtained the upper hand. Friends had given me up. I had lost my position, hope had vanished, and despair well-nigh enveloped me in its misty shroud; but the Good Shepherd was not far away, and "when I had come to the end of myself," about two years ago, in a Salvation Army barracks, the old story of a Resurrection Christ was heard with joy, and I was enabled to cast off my grave clothes. Wife and children regained, position restored, health recovered, "who like me His praise should sing." Thank God for the Salvation Army, thank God for its General, thank God for its officers, and as they roll the old chariot along, may those of us who have been redeemed through its instrumentality not drag on behind, but with motto, "Saved to serve," count no sacrifice too great, no path too lonely, in following our Risen Leader as He goes forth to rescue other lost ones—John R. Wilson, Prince Albert, Sask.

## A War Cry Selling Incident.

Douglas Egerton and several of his pals of the sporting fraternity, were lounging about in the "Dundee Arms" one afternoon, waiting impatiently for the first edition of the Evening News. They were anxious to see if the horse they had backed had won the race, and to pass the time away they drank whiskey and smoked cigars.

"Here comes the News at last," cried out somebody as he heard the door swinging open; then turning round to see who it was he muttered a curse and puffed away savagely at his cigar.

"Bah, Salvation Army," said another in a tone of contempt. "Why don't you go and work for a living?"

"(They were working mighty hard themselves just then at swallowing whiskey—but still that is just a remark by the way.)

"Will you buy a War Cry?" said one of the Salvationists, addressing Douglas. The young officer was a smart-looking lad, and Douglas eyed him up and down for a few moments before he answered.

"Well," he said at last, "you're a strong, healthy young chap to be selling penny papers this beautiful afternoon; why aren't you at work?"

"I am at work," replied the officer.

"Who are you working for?" said his critic, growing interested.

"I work for God," was the reply.

"Oh," said Douglas, somewhat taken aback, "and what did you work at before you started on this job?"

"I was a platelayer," answered the Salvationist coolly, "and I earned a good wage. Part of it went to support my poor old mother."

The language that Douglas then used to the lad is not fit to be printed in the columns of the War Cry, suffice it to say that he called him all the bad names he could think of, and bitterly reproached him for leaving his good job and selling papers, while his poor old mother was left to starve.

(Of course he jumped to this latter conclusion without asking if it was so or not. We are sure an Army officer would ever leave his mother to starve in order to come into the work.)

Douglas finally offered the lad a glass of whiskey, saying that if he would drink it he would buy all the War Crys he had.

His offer was refused, and then, much to his surprise, the two officers knelt down on the bar room floor and prayed for his soul.

He was not at all touched by this, and was about to burst into a hearty laugh when one of his companions reproved him and bade him not molest the lads further.

In the end he bought a War Cry.

The sequel is the most interesting part of the story. Douglas did not make much money at the time, but on the contrary he lost over \$1,000 of his game. Two months later he made up his mind to emigrate to Canada, and get away from his evil companions and the influence of the race course and bar-room.

All alone he set out and crossed the Atlantic on the Southwark. When he reached Quebec he felt entirely lost, and did not know what to do or where to go. He was a complete stranger in a strange land.

Fortunately he met with one of the Salvation Army immigrants, and this comrade advised him to go to the Immigration Offices of the Army. He took the advice of his new friend, with the result that employment was obtained for him as a Salvationist in Ontario.

All this made him feel somewhat ashamed of his conduct in London, and finally he felt so bad about it that he resolved to get converted.

He now writes to say he is a regular subscriber to the War Cry, which he takes great interest in reading.

## Three Open-Airs.

The first I recollect was in Newmarket. We were all down on our knees in the deep snow when one of the "devil's imps" tried to drive his horse through the ring.

The horse had more sense than the man, for it balked every time.

For three nights in succession he tried to drive over us; but on the third occasion the horse balked and ran the rig into the post of a verandah, smashing it all to pieces. We were arrested for this, but won the case.

Then again I remember once, when I was in Toronto, and about seventeen men were just about to go out on the march. Up came a Staff Officer and placed me at the head of the procession, and off we went down one of the back streets. We formed into a ring, and I noticed that the people were paying very unwelcome attention to me. I was the only woman present, and as I got boused with water, and then a cat was held at me.

Did I mind it? No fear. I didn't take the trouble to open my eyes, but just kept on singing and praying. A shot from the devil never hurts me half so much as a thoughtless word from one of God's people.

The third open-air was at Kingsville. It was a Saturday night, and a commercial "trap" at some wholesale liquor firm began to "hop around us." Finally he got into the ring and "dared" about "quite lively. The constable was willing to help us, but the Captain would not let him. He marched down the street arm-in-arm with the tipsy fellow, and we got him to the barracks. In spite of our entreaties he would go out, however, and so the policeman "nabbed" him after all.

We were sorry, for he was a well-dressed young man, not above thirty years of age, and it seemed us to see him carry on so.—Mrs. Cowan, Kingsville.

## THE SALVATION ARMY IN BERNADA.

(Continued from page 18.)

The officers in charge of the different corps are: Capt. Jeynes and Lieut. Day, St. George's; Major Green and Capt. Kenny, Somerset; Ensign McEachern, Southampton. Lieut. Rose is the assistant to Ensign and Mrs. Trickey at Hamilton.

The Ensign believes that the secret of the whole success of the Campaign lies in the Day of Prayer they started off with.

"Earthly things with earth will pass away,  
Prayer unlocks Eternity—pray, always pray."

nut booth. One chap spent 1s. 7d. before he knocked off a nut. The crowd showed their appreciation of what they called his pluck by heartily clapping his success.

A Bank Holiday crowd is not without its humor. "Don't eat that moke, fer by the time ye've got to the 'top of the 'ill you'll 'ave jolly well killed it," cried a lanky, hatchet-faced chap to a very corpulent fellow who was riding by on a very little donkey.

The rider made an indignant rejoinder, which I missed, but the lean one replied: "If you'll come dahn to our court to-morrow and bring a bit of fat wiv yer, I'll jolly well eat yer." The suggestion of the lean kine swallowing the fat kine was complete.

Here is another. Two seemingly Whitechapel chaps had had "tea and shrimps" at the tea booth by the pond on the East Heath. The waitress who had served them suggested as they were leaving the table that they should "remember the waiter." "Mias," one of them sententiously replied, "I sh'il remember you; that face o' yours will never be forgot; it will haunt me forever." The girl was not what you might call pretty, and the words were taken as uncomplimentary, and—well, there were other words.

Photographer's touts, with raucous voices, crying out, "Ave yer photo took; treat yer young ldy to 'er picture, only a tanner a time!" were everywhere. We were also games of skill and chance, while the police raided several gambling stalls. Generally speaking, however, the enjoyment was of a wholesome character, and I was glad that the County Council allowed the proprietors of the swings, etc., to keep their business open till ten o'clock, as this tended to keep the people on the cool, breezy Heath, instead of their going away to the fetid atmosphere of the bar-room or the stifling top galleries of the theatres.

Holidays serve a very useful purpose if properly spent, and perhaps there is no holiday throughout the year more acceptable than the first that comes after the long, trying winter, when nature is budding with the new life of spring, and freshness is everywhere. The numerous parks of London are a boon in this respect.—J. B.

## How a "God Bless You" Saved a Soul.

It was on the occasion of the late Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and crowds of people thronged the streets of the little town of L—

Flags were flying, guns firing, bands playing, and people marching the streets in honor of the day.

We knew the crowds were too excited to think about the Salvation Army meeting at the barracks that evening, so Ensign and myself, with the five or six soldiers of the corps, decided to hold a length open-air at our usual stand on the corner.

Hundreds of people stood and listened to us and seemed to enjoy the singing and testimonies.

Our average open-air collection was about thirty or forty cents; but on this occasion we asked the crowd or \$2.50—just the rent of our hall.

In taking up the collection I noticed a gentleman who put a quarter on the plate.

When I counted the money I found I didn't have the amount asked for, and someone suggested that I should tell the people how much I had and then go round again.

I did so, and again the same gentleman put a quarter on the plate.

To express my thankfulness, I looked in his face and said feelingly, "God bless you."

We got the amount at last, and then did our best to get someone saved, after which we went home happy.

Several weeks passed by, and then I received a message, through an Army friend, from the gentleman who put the fifty cents on the plate on Jubilee Day, saying that my simple words of thanks had haunted him night and day until he surrendered to God.

He was an Inspector of Fisheries, by the way, and through a relative of his I heard, a short time ago, that he became an earnest Christian worker. He has since died and gone to heaven. I have never seen him since that day, but hope to meet him in the land beyond and celebrate a jubilee in honor of Him who has saved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood.—Mrs. Ensign Férseche.

# Japan and Its Daughters.



**H**AVING in view the General's visit to Japan, some particulars concerning the Salvation Army's work on behalf of the daughters of the Land of the Chrysanthemum may be of interest.

It is only in lands where the Christianity of Christ holds sway that womanhood is regarded with the sacredness which the sex demands, or that the marriage vow is at least held to be inviolable. Fair Japan, where Shintoism and Buddhism are the principal religions, is no exception to the general rule, although we rejoice to say that the gracious influence of Christianity from the West is elevating the position of womanhood in the Far East. And with respect to the conditions of the unfortunate class the Salvation Army has played a noble part in ameliorating their condition.

How loosely the marriage tie used to be regarded in the Land of the Cherry Blossom is shown by an incident related by the wife of a diplomatist in that country. It appears that the daughter of a Legation employee got married, but six weeks after the wedding she was sent home again—divorced. This was a great disappointment to all, as it was thought she was making a good marriage. The reason is thus described by the author:

"What has happened?" I asked in deep sympathy; for a divorce is a great misfortune to a girl, and marks her as having some distinct defect, bad temper, perhaps, or clumsy hands with a habit of breaking the china, or something equally undesirable. But it turned out that poor O'Sada was not accused of anything so serious. Her husband came into the room one day, and found her sewing; and as he watched, she threaded her needle, holding it up to one eye as women do.

"Why do you do that?" asked the man.

"Because I can see better so, honorable husband," she replied.

"Hold it up to the other eye and thread it," he commanded; and she obeyed. At least she tried to obey and failed, being slightly short-sighted on that side also.

"Go home," he said, "and return no more. Who wants a one-eyed wife?"

"So O'Sada came home, and her parents are now seeking for a less particular husband, who will have to be found in a lower class than the one she could marry into before she was divorced."

Another writer tells that it was not an uncommon thing for a visitor to Japan to marry a Japanese girl for the period of his visit. That is to say, by

paying parents of a certain class a monthly sum—from forty to a hundred yen—a yen is about one dollar—their daughter became the stranger's wife as long as he remained in the locality.

The position of married women, however, has been greatly improved by the new laws which have come into force during the last few years.

How lightly relations between the sexes were looked upon in that country may be gathered from the fact that when an earthquake or a fire devastated a locality and destroyed the property of the people, representatives of the brothel-keepers in the large cities immediately made their way to the affected districts and engaged for a life of sin the daughters of those who had suffered loss.

The parents, in their distressed condition, ready to avail themselves of any opportunity for retrieving their losses, willingly made bargains for their daughters and as the spirit of obedience to parents is very strong in Japan, there was no resisting the parents' will in this matter, so in their ignorance of what lay before them, the girls cheerfully agreed to go away with the keepers. Indeed, this method of helping to restore the fallen fortunes of parents was counted as a virtue rather than otherwise, and when their terms of slavery were expired they were received amongst their acquaintances without having smirched their reputation.

The system of enslaving these girls was conducted thus: The loan, perhaps \$100, having been handed over to the parents or friends, the girl signed an agreement which bound her to practise her licensed calling in the keeper's house until the loan was repaid.

Having once entered the place the police regulations forbade her leaving the house unless her official notice was countersigned by the keeper or his representative.

The police order did indeed provide that the keeper must not raise objections to the girls leaving except on reasonable grounds; and no doubt if a girl paid her debts, and was sufficiently firm, she could have forced the hand of her vile detainer. It is easy enough to see, however, that unscrupulous persons could readily create reasons for a girl's detention. In fact, the usual thing was to increase her indebtedness, so that after four or five years' service she found her debt was double the amount it was when she started.

How great were the proportions of this evil is shown by the fact that in Tokio county alone there were nine licensed quarters, containing 478 houses, inhabited by 8,835 licensed unfortunates. There is hardly a city of any size but has its licensed quarter.

For some time it had been felt by many that the slavery of these girls must be contrary to the general law of the land, and if any girl wished to cease her business she could legally do so at any time. At last a girl applied to some missionaries in Nagoya, a city ten hours' railway journey southwest of Tokio, to help her get her liberty. She was helped to appeal to the courts, who decided that the contract under which the girl was held was opposed to the public welfare and good morals; consequently, it was of no value, and the keeper was bound to affix his seal to a girl's Notice of Cessation, irrespective of her debt or any other matter. This should have been liberty to the girl at once; but, to the surprise of all, the Nagoya police refused to carry out the order of the court, on the ground that the police regulation left the discretion as to signing the notice in the hands of the keeper, and they could not force him to sign it.

It was at this time of deadlock that an appeal was made to the Salvation Army to take up the question of the rescue of these girls, and open a Home. Up to this time there had been comparatively little general interest in the matter, and the decision at Nagoya had passed almost unnoticed in Tokio. In response to the appeal, however, a temporary Home was opened by the Army in Tokio, and the crusade commenced.

A special Rescue War Cry was published, containing appeals to the girls to leave their lives of shame and come to us.

The keepers bought up all the Crys to prevent the girls getting hold of the papers; but a fresh edition showed them the hopelessness of that method, and they resorted to assault and battery on the War Cry sellers.

This matter the police took up, then came the support of the press, by means of which Tokio was

completely stirred, and the agitation continued to increase until, in deference to it, the Home Department and the Police Office issued a regulation to the effect that if a keeper refused to sign a girl's Notice of Cessation without sufficient reason, the girl's notice might be accepted by the police without his signature. This was, at any rate, a step in the right direction, although it left it to the discretion of the police as to what was a "sufficient reason," and many girls were prevented from leaving. Still, quite a number secured their liberty. Frequent attacks were made upon Salvationists and newspaper men, until it was dangerous for anyone who looked like either of these to go near a brothel quarter.

Although the whole nation was with the Army in its efforts, of course exception must be made in the case of the brothel-keepers. At one quarter a band of employees was formed who were bound, even at the risk of death, to prevent any Salvationists or newspaper men gaining admittance to the quarters. The authorities all through were very kind and considerate. The Salvation Army Headquarters and the private residence of Colonel Bullard and his Chief Secretary were guarded by the police, and they were followed by the police and plain-clothes men wherever they went.

One of the results of this reign of terror was that many well-to-do people were afraid to go to the licensed quarters, and during that month, in Tokio alone, there was a decrease of over two thousand per night in the number of visitors to the various quarters. In some districts spies followed every customer, and many were afraid of being mistaken for Salvationists or newspaper men; in fact, many were so mistaken, and severely beaten.

So things went on until October 2nd, 1900, when, for the first time in the history of Japan, the Central Government issued instructions for the control of the licensed system throughout the Empire. This ordinance of the Home Department applies to the whole of Japan, and its provisions exceed the hopes of the most sanguine. The tone of the whole instructions is in favor of making it as difficult as possible for girls to become licensed prostitutes, and as easy as possible for them to leave their business at any time they wish. In the matter of leaving, no discretion is left to the police or anyone else. Any girl can go to the police office, request that her name be removed from the roll, and at once it must be removed. Anyone who tries to hinder a girl ceasing her business is liable to a heavy punishment.





Some Bermudian Juniors.

### Wheeled Him to the Barracks.

A Couple of Interesting Conversions.

It was time for the open-air, but only one soldier beside myself had arrived at the barracks, so we started off and commenced the singing. Some more soldiers soon arrived, and a poor drunken scissor-grinder was attracted by the crowd, and came around trying to upset us.

He danced around the ring and made all kinds of noise and grimaces in order to disturb the meeting. The soldiers kept on singing and testifying, however, and the Adjutant in charge kept smiling.



A Bermudian Lily.

When the march was formed up the Adjutant seized the scissor-grinder, and, much to the amusement of the crowd, lifted him right on to his grinding machine and wheeled him away to his barracks.

The crowd followed and we had a blessed time, when four souls sought and found Salvation, the scissor-grinder amongst them.

A little later in the year a drunken woman, who was fighting her husband with a fender, was diverted from her object by the open-air meeting. She was deep'n convicted of sin, and coming into the ring she knelt on the fender and gave her heart to God. Then she gave her testimony brandishing the fender above her head as she spoke.—Mrs. Withers, Chesley.

### A Chinaman's Offering.

A Remarkable Incident.

The strongest prayer meeting I was ever in was at the close of the General's address to an audience of about 500 Chinese, in Chinatown, San Francisco, on the occasion of his last visit to this continent. Both the General and the late Consul Booth-Tucker

### BLACK AND WHITE.

had spoken through a Chinese interpreter, their addresses producing a profound impression. Would the General introduce the penitent form here? and should we see from this audience people coming to the mercy seat? We were not long in doubt.

A tender appeal was made: one man rose and came forward, then another and another. Still they came, till, if I remember rightly, thirteen were crying to God. Chinese soldiers in uniform knelt with them, pointing the way to Christ.

On the platform there sat a high Chinese official, who, though not a Christian, had come to show his respect for the General. His face was a study as he looked upon the scene at the penitent form, and then into the General's face, who repeatedly pointed to his heart and then upward, smiling. It was indeed a remarkable scene, but the climax was reached when the interpreter, himself a Christian, came from the platform, took his little child in his arms, and going to the front held it while the General laid his hands upon it and prayed; then with his face radiant and the child still in his arms, he went and knelt with the others at the altar, thus offering his own child to God.

That sight stirred my soul, and through the mist of tears I seemed to see ten thousand parents in these Christian lands, coldly ignoring the claims of Him whose death and resurrection we commemorate at this season, deliberately placing their children upon the altar of the world.

### He Didn't Know Himself.

A Good Collection Story.

It was in a beautiful little town in the springtime, and the Army had just re-opened work. The D. O. was visiting the corps and the open-air was in full swing. A faithful old soldier who had stood true for all the years when there was no Army in town, started out to take up the collection. He was calling at each store, when on entering one of the largest he was met by a Salvationist wearing full uniform and with a tambourine in his hand who was on the same errand as himself. He addressed him with the question:—

"Well, old chap, who sent you to take up a collection?" But he received no reply.

Our faithful collector was much troubled, and rushed back to the open-air to relate to the Captain what he had seen, and said, "You had better go right over and see about that fellow, because he is a fraud."

The old soldier continued taking up the collection and warning one and all to beware of the man whom he had met, because he was a fraud.

The Captain went to inquire about the individual and was told that they had been making some alterations in this store, and had placed a large mirror right near the door, and that the old gentleman had seen himself. When informed of this the faithful collector said he could not believe it to be the case, although he remembered when he had spoken to the old chap he had made no answer, and when convinced he said it might have been daddy but it was not daddy's features, and one and all agreed that our faithful comrade had not known himself.



Inmates of the Toronto Children's Home.

This faithful soldier has since gone home to Glory, after many years of fighting. May we all be true to the finish.

### Seven Years of Soul-Saving.

Over 500 Brought to Christ.

I can look back to-day over eight years of a converted life, and say that God has wonderfully helped me. Seven years I have spent as an officer in the Salvation Army, and during that time have won and ceased to rejoice over six hundred converts to Christ. Though some have failed to be faithful, yet I thank God for the number who are yet fighting on as officers and soldiers in our ranks.

I remember the first visit I paid to a certain home. I was very coldly received, and the father put on his hat and walked out, not wishing to speak to me. The next time I called he cursed me for disturbing him; but I continued my visits, and always prayed before I left. One day he told me that none of his family should ever enter an Army barracks. I was so grieved at his unkindness and obstinacy that I at once knelt down and commenced to pray for him. Then I pleaded with him to surrender to God, but he would not do so, although before I left he promised to let some of his family attend the meetings. This resulted in the son and daughter kneeling at the mercy seat; soon after which so affected the hard-hearted father that he too surrendered to Christ and got blessedly saved. Within two months of my first visit the whole family, including father, mother, son, and the daughters, wore the Army uniform and gladly told the story of their conversion in the barracks they once refused to enter.—Capt. M. Noel.



Frederick Dawson.  
Whose remarkable story it tells on page 1.



# To Our Readers.



WE have the pleasure of bringing before our readers another War Cry Special Number. In connection with the recent Christmas issue a dear correspondent was kind enough to write and tell us that that number was the best yet, and that he could not account for the Salvation Army's ability to improve upon its previous splendid efforts on any other ground than that the Editors received Divine help in their work. We believe this is the actual case, and also that this Divine help is largely due to the prayers on our behalf by a large section of our readers. May we ask for a continuance of these prayers.

We sincerely hope that our dear friend—and others with him—will think that this Easter Number keeps up the pace of its predecessors. Personally, there are many points about this Special War Cry that please us. We like the pictures. We think Dietrich's picture—our double page illustration—possesses not only great pictorial qualities, but presents our blessed Lord in a most pleasing conception; while the attitude of the multitude is strongly typical of the world's attitude to our Redeemer. All appear to need Him, and some avail themselves of His love and power; others stand afar off and look with curious wonderment as to what will happen; others again are supercilious to a degree, and gaze with ill-disguised scorn upon the benign white-robed figure. The eye ever wanders to the Christ. Past the leafy trees, the sunlight, the symbolism, the human woe to the great Healer, fairer than the sons of men! Full of pity, love and power. We bow our heads as we write, and with a heart full of rejoicing take up the cry of the disciples and say, "Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord. Peace in heaven and glory in the highest!"

May we also direct the attention of our readers to our striking cover. It may be possible that other artists have more powerfully than Deger represented that hour "in the great and terrible day of the Lord," the sixth hour, high noon, when the hot rays of an eastern sun should have been beaming down upon the city, but when instead "the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst." There may be pictures more suggestive of that great drama, but we have never seen them, and doubt if they exist. Look at that background. Could anything be more suggestive than that of the horrible "darkness which was over all the earth" when our crucified Lord yielded up the Ghost? What an unutterable gloom, throwing out in striking relief the Lamb of God that was slain for the sins of the world. My Lord and my God!

So terrible was a death by crucifixion that for the past fifteen hundred years it has been abolished. The following description of the pangs and sufferings that attend such a form of dissolution will help us to realize in a measure the price paid for our redemption. A great historic writer says:

"Death by crucifixion seems to include all that pain and death can have of horrible and ghastly—dizziness, cramp, thirst, starvation, sleeplessness, traumatic fever, tetanus, publicity of shame, long continuance of torture, horror of anticipation, mortification of untended wounds—all intensified just up to the point at which they can be endured at all, but all stopping just short of the point which would give the sufferer the relief of unconsciousness. The unnatural position made every movement painful; the lacerated veins and crushed tendons throbbled with incessant anguish; the wounds inflamed by exposure, gradually gangrened; the arteries, especially of the head and stomach, became swollen and oppressed with surcharged blood; and while each variety of misery went on gradually increasing there was added to them the intolerable pangs of a burning and raging thirst; and all these complications added an internal excitement and anxiety which made the prospect of death itself—of death, the awful unknown enemy, at whose approach man usually shudders most—bear the aspect of a delicious and exquisite release."

This was the death that Christ died, sinner, for you. May we in passing direct the attention of our readers to the deeply spiritual and powerful article from the pen of the Commissioner to be found elsewhere. Crucifixion is a painful death, but it is the gateway into the life of Christ.

The setting around Deger's "Christ on the Cross" represents the traditional *via Dolorosa*, or the Way of Grief, as it appears at the present time.

We want to thank all those who have contributed to making this number what it is. Those who have taken part in the various competitions we especially thank. Some have received our honorarium as a slight acknowledgement of the service they have rendered. Those who have not will have the satisfaction of seeing their contributions in our pages. The results of the competition have been very gratifying, and reveal the great mine of Salvation incident and happenings that wait to be exploited. We hope all those who have been successful on this occasion, and those who have not, will compete in the Christmas Number competitions.

Owing to the exigencies of fine press work and long distances, we are writing these notes before our beloved General arrives in Canada, and by the time this issue is in the hands of our readers the General will be in the midst of his last campaign at Vancouver—just on the eve of his departure for the Flowery Land. May God go with him and make his visit a mighty blessing to the brave and progressive inhabitants of that country. We have made arrangements to be supplied with special and exhaustive reports of the General's historic visit to Japan and China. God preserve him. We earnestly ask for the prayers of our readers on his behalf.

# The General

WILL VISIT

VANCOUVER on MARCH 28th,

AND WILL LECTURE AT 5 p.m.

## ON GOOD FRIDAY

The General will Preach at 2.45 and 7 p.m.

CHILDREN, WITH OR WITHOUT PARENTS, WILL NOT BE ADMITTED.



## Songs for Eastertide.

Tunes.—Christ for Me (N.B.B. 124);  
What's the News? (N.B.B. 126)

1 The Saviour laid His crown aside—  
For the cross;  
And there for all the world He died  
On the cross;  
His cheeks were smote, His flesh was  
torn,  
His sacred temples felt the thorn,  
While heaven and earth in darkness  
mourn,  
Round the cross.

Our sins were all upon Him laid,  
On the cross;  
For all He hath Salvation made  
On the cross;  
His pierced feet, His hands and side,  
Pour forth redemption's healing tide,  
Life's cleansing fount was opened wide  
On the cross.

Oh, haste, my soul, and see Him die  
On the cross;  
Hark! hear that last expiring cry  
On the cross;  
He says, "I suffered this for thee;  
Approach in faith the blood-stained  
tree,  
And thou shalt My Salvation see!"  
On the cross.

Tunes.—I Am Clinging to the Cross  
(N.B.B. 37); Mary (N.B.B. 45).

2 Plunged in the gulf of dark despair  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.

I am clinging to the cross.

With pitying eyes, the Princes of Peace  
Behold our helpless grief;  
He saw, and—oh, amazing love!—  
He flew to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste He sped;  
Entered the grave of mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold!  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.

Tunes.—Austria (N.B.B. 162); Calcutta  
(N.B.B. 164).

3 Look, ye saints, the sight is glor-  
ious,  
See the Man of Sorrows now,  
From the fight returned victorious;  
Every knee to Him shall bow.  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
Crown becomes the Victor's brow.

Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him,  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings,  
In the seat of power enthroned Him,  
While the vault of heaven rings.  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

Hark! those bursts of acclamation!  
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!  
Jesus takes the highest station;  
Oh, what joy the sight affords!  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
King of kings and Lord of lords!

Tunes.—Sweet Rest in Heaven (N.B.B.  
103); Ellacombe (N.B.B. 30).

4 Come, with me visit Calvary,  
Where our Redeemer died;  
His blood now fills the fountain,  
'Tis deep, 'tis full, 'tis wide,  
He died from sin to sever  
Our hearts and lives complete;  
He saves and keeps for ever  
Those living at His feet.

Chorus.

To the uttermost He saves.

God's great, free, full Salvation  
Is offered here and now;  
Complete blood-bought redemption  
Can be obtained by you.  
Reach out faith's hand, now claiming.  
The cleansing flood will flow;  
Look up just now, believing,  
His fullness you shall know.

I will surrender fully,  
And do my Saviour's will;  
He shall now make me holy,  
And with Himself me fill.  
He's saving, 'I'm believing,  
This blessing I now claim,  
His Spirit I'm receiving,  
My heart is in a flame.

Tunes.—Manchester (N.B.B. 47);  
Nativity (N.B.B. 51).

5 Oh, now I see the crimson wave,  
The fountain deep and wide!  
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,  
Points to His wounded side.

Chorus.

The cleansing stream I see, I see.

I see the new creation rise,  
I hear the speaking blood;  
It speaks! Polluted nature dies,  
Sinks 'neath the crimson flood!

I rise to walk in heaven's own light,  
Above the world and sin,  
With heart made pure, and garments  
white,  
And Christ enthroned within.